

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 189.—Vol. VIII.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



THE OLD SCHUYLER MANSION, ALBANY, N. Y.

## THE OLD SCHUYLER MANSION.

THE old Schuyler mansion is one of the few lingering landmarks of ancient Albany. Standing upon a steep terraced bank, it displays in front only that portion of its grounds. Hemmed in by streets, a stone-wall encloses the domain on every side. The house is a plain structure, with a gambrel roof, from which the dormer-windows gaze, crouching like frogs upon their haunches. But, soon as the dwelling is gained up the steep flights of wooden stairs, the prospect widens. The grounds expand either side with glimpses of a rear view. Turning the left-hand corner of the old mansion, and the garden stretches out broadly and queenly. And such a garden of beauty is not of frequent occurrence even in the picturesque suburbs of Albany. Winding-paths, groves of fruit-trees, beds of flowers, arbors of grapes, and a profusion of vegetable treasures, take possession of the eye. And the prospect! Reared high upward, the grounds yield, on each side, scenic beauties seldom found in the precincts of a city. In silver curves and reaches, the Hudson gleams at the east, on the right smiles the beautiful Kastul or Patroon's Island (so called from the fort, or castle, built there with the trading-house by Christiaanse in 1614, as well as by the first Patroon subsequently erecting there his manor-house), and clasped by its glittering creek. Thence the eye is conducted along the series of windings southward to Dominie's Hoeck or Van Wie's Point, while, in front, the charming uplands rise to the eastern horizon shining in meadow, grain-field, and woodland, with the smooth, green "Indian Mound" for canopy.

The interior of the old mansion is mainly in keeping with its antiquity. A few modern alterations have been made, but its traditional aspect is generally preserved. The small, square, dungeon-like rooms are still there, opening either side of the spacious entrance-hall; and a low, broad stairway, winding upward on the right, conducts the foot easily to a corresponding hall above.

Such is the Schuyler mansion and its grounds now, in the midst of a wealthy, refined city, the peer of the handsome garden-dwellings that form the pride of Albany, and the villas that deck its suburbs.

How must it have appeared when the fine city was a rural village, full of squat Dutch houses, and cloven with winding, narrow, cattle-path streets and lanes (with one or two exceptions), like the bark of a worm-eaten tree, a hundred years ago!

Let us go back to that period.

"A pleasant day, dominie, a pleasant day!" exclaimed Dirck Steenkirk the tailor to his friend, as he joined him in ascending State Street, the main avenue of the little city leading to Fort Schuyler, or westward, in the afternoon of a mellow October day. "Are you going to the fort?"

"Yes, I wish to see Captain Chryslaer!" returned the dominie.

The two were passing Cheapside Street (now Green), the first which crossed State at

right angles, and parallel with the broad thoroughfare that ran along the river, and was intersected by the still broader one they were climbing. The first-named street was rough, narrow, and unpaved, and State was only paved (and with round stones) on either side, leaving a wide, grassy, but very uneven space in the centre. Small detached houses, each with its gable toward the street, with a horse-chestnut or elm in front, and a garden, well, and green, in the rear, were ranged along the spacious avenue.

They had now ascended to Parrel or Pearl Street, the second parallel to the river-thoroughfare, passing Madam Schuyler's winter dwelling, as well as the narrow, arched passage, with a gate to protect the entrance into Washington (now South Pearl) Street below, and had reached the Wendell House. This stood with the sunshine steeping its fronting terraced gable, and gleaming on the long, rounded windows, and broad half-glass door of its first story, and on the iron letters telling the date of its erection half-way up the apex. It was a quaint, pleasant sight, and they were gazing at it when their attention was arrested by two figures, one in a half-military undress, and the other in full regimentals of the royal or British scarlet, who were descending the street.

"Good-afternoon, Dominie Roseboom," said the one in the undress, whose frank, open face attested a constitutional ardor of temperament and vehemence of feeling tempered by thought, and restrained by great dignity of deportment.

"Good-afternoon, General Schuyler!" returned the dominie, bowing with much respect.

"Ah, good Steenkirk!" said the general, turning to the other, speaking kindly, but without the least show of condescension; "enjoying the air this fine afternoon, I see, with our mutual friend! Good-afternoon; but, by the way, Dominie Roseboom, I would like to see you to-morrow with regard to marking out some lots up there," pointing to the English burial-place, a broad, grassy spot on the summit of the hill, and at the right of the fort. "I will call upon you at your house, or (with a glance at the British officer, who was of fine, aristocratic presence, with, however, rough and noticeably red features), as my time is at present much occupied, perhaps you will do me the honor to call at my dwelling at noon."

"With pleasure," returned the dominie, and the two passed down State Street resuming the conversation which had been broken off by the meeting with Dirck and the dominie.

"General Burgoyne, without doubt," said the dominie, looking back.

"General Burgoyne!" exclaimed Dirck, eagerly, and turning also. "It must be, sure enough! What a fine-looking fellow he is! But our General Schuyler is his match in looks, and more in generalship, in my opinion; and he would have shown it, too, if a chance had been given him, and not so hardly dealt with as he was. He planted all the seed, and General Gates gathered all the fruit."

While talking, they had come to Barrack

(now Chapel) Street (from Berg or Hill Street, the old Dutch name), and the last crossing at right angles before reaching the fort. As they did so, several Indians filed into State Street from a rough lane leading to the "Pasture," or city commons, that stretched along the south side of the city, and which, in turn, were closed in by the interminable forests that covered, with few exceptions, the State westward to the lakes.

Each savage bore a load of rich, glossy furs upon his sinewy back, and stern, and mute, and with face turned straight forward, though with eyes wandering subtly all around, crossed the ungraded, broken, and, in parts, precipitous surface of State Street, and glided, still in single file, into Barrack Street, then occupied almost exclusively by Indian traders.

"A band of Senecas. The tribe is the Western Door of the Iroquois Long House fronting Lake Ontario," remarked the dominie. "Did you see Do-ne-on-dah at their head? A brave warrior and a fine orator is the Eagle, the best specimen of the unspoiled native Indian I know of."

"They had some splendid furs," said Dirck. "I suppose Coonradt Wessels is waiting for them at his shed in the street, all ready for a bargain."

"No doubt," said the dominie. "Like the Eagle of his race, Coonradt is the best specimen of the Indian trader among us."

The prospect up to the hill on which stood the fort had now become perfectly open on either side. Post-and-rail-fences divided the street from the fertile fields and grassy meadows surrounding the city, and which, to the south, led the eye to the "Pasture" before noticed, and thence to the blue "Hilderbergs" (Clear Hills), surmounted by the three misty domes of the Catskill range. Pleasantly lay the "Pasture" in the rich, October sunlight, green in grass, and scattered with the kine of the city, which here found their common feeding-grounds, and the ceaseless tinklings of whose bells woke the soft and quiet air. Cows were also stepping over the half-lowered bars of the rail-fences into the street, and stopping to graze for a moment in its little grassy hollows, controlled by black urchins who filled the scene with their shrill whistlings, that chimed pleasantly with the sounds from the neck-bells of the cattle.

They had now reached the foot of the hill. Above them frowned the fort, a square stone work with four diamond-shaped bastions. At the right, or north, lay the English burial-place; and separated from it by Lion (now Washington) Street, stood the hospital, shaped like a wide letter H, and situated in an enclosure.

Climbing the hill, they entered the fort. The dominie's interview with the captain over, the two friends descended the declivity, tarrying a moment beside the Episcopal Church of St. Peter's at the foot, which occupied the centre and head of State Street, here branching off south of the hill into Deer (now Little State) Street. The vane (a cod-fish) gleamed in the sinking light which was beginning to kindle the west into golden glory.

Passing down the steep descent of State

Street north, ing in corner seeme and th street

"A exclain De-kan tor, m govern with th ing of Mayor Look, chant's

"An is, with Pearl St istence looks, had gall there th

"Yes see, the and the if to list has lifted mence, the Wash earth do

"I w will be t size of P House, and to come d

"Well rather sh Washington important for the pre noon, supp the sunset on the hill

Dirck a and had r when two c up with wh turned into

"Baron said the d pearance wh city."

A very them to the intersection fare which r the name of above the in

Not only State Street, tended into leaving narrow leading likew west. It was bors every S interest in hi for it was n quadrangular round-headed sided, sloping

Street, on the round, stone pavement at the north, they soon came to the elm-tree, standing in its yellow autumn coloring, at the west corner of Pearl Street. The whole tree seemed to burn in the descending sunshine, and threw its black shadow almost across the street.

"A fine, large, flourishing tree, Dirck!" exclaimed the dominie. "Tradition says that De-kan-e-so-ra, the eloquent Onondaga orator, met many a time under this tree the governor of the province, in making treaties with the Iroquois. And, by-the-way, speaking of dignitaries, there goes our worshipful Mayor Cuyler in company with Do-ne-on-dah. Look, Dirck, they are just passing Mr. Merchant's Academy!"

"And a fine, large, imposing building it is, with its two terraced gables, the pride of Pearl Street," said Dirck. "Its fifty years' existence has rather brightened than dulled its looks. I should rather think that old Time had galloped over it, like the brass horse up there that serves for its weathercock."

"Yes, yes," returned the dominie. "But see, the two have paused by the north gable, and the mayor is taking off his cocked-hat as if to listen to a speech from the Indian, who has lifted his bare arm as though to commence. Look, Dirck, and not be gazing at the Washington-Street archway! What on earth do you find there to interest you?"

"I was thinking, dominie, how long it will be before the street is widened to the size of Pearl Street. In that case the Lewis House, and Madam Schuyler's, too, will have to come down."

"Well, let us go down," said the dominie, rather shortly, "and leave the widening of Washington Street till it comes. It is a very important subject for thought, I allow, but, for the present, it is such a beautiful afternoon, suppose we saunter to the river and see the sunset there. The light will be very fine on the hills."

Dirck assenting, the two continued down, and had reached opposite Cheapside Street when two officers, in uniform of green turned up with white, emerged from the street and turned into State.

"Baron de Riedesel and General Gall," said the dominie. "I remember their appearance when Burgoyne's troops entered the city."

A very little distance farther brought them to the Dutch Church, that stood at the intersection of State with the wide thoroughfare which ran parallel to the river, and bore the name of Court Street below and Market above the intersection.

Not only did the church fill the centre of State Street, but its long and broad frame extended into the middle of the thoroughfare, leaving narrow cart-ways at the east side, and leading likewise into the former street on the west. It was the scene of the dominie's labors every Sabbath, and, of course, had an interest in his eyes. The glow of the hour, for it was now near sunset, rested on the quadrangular edifice, gilded on its long, slim, round-headed windows, brightened the four-sided, sloping roof with its domed belfry

tipped by a sheet-iron vane (a rooster in the act of crowing, its black frame perforated by an Indian bullet), and threw into bold relief the little square-gabled receptacle, or vestry, resting on its eastern wall.

Passing through the upper cart-way, they came in sight of a narrow lane leading to the river.

"Let us go down Abraham Staat's alley to the river," said the dominie. "There's the deacon himself on his stoop."

The old fellow sat on one of the broad seats of his stoop, with the glass upper half of his two-leaved front-door flashing in the red sunset, and smoking a curved pipe fully as long as his arm.

"I did not see you in your place last Sunday, deacon," said the dominie, when the two had arrived at the stoop.

"I was at Schenectady," answered the old burgher. "I only arrived home in my *bateau* last evening."

"Well, I hope to see you next Sunday. Dirck and I are on our way to the river to see the sunset from Hodge's Dock. Good-evening;" and, continuing their way down the narrow, winding cow-path of a lane, the pair soon reached the margin of the stream. A dense line of elms and willows ran along the shore, except at the opening of State Street, and the two continued along it till they reached the dock at the foot of what is now Hamilton Street. Onward still the opening extended, until it reached the ferry between the city and Greynen Bosch, or Greenbush, and thence closed, as far as the eye could reach, into a thick, verdant wall. Beside the dock were moored divers *bateaux* and boats, with a *periauger* or two, and at the head was a sloop with a placard at its side, which told that the next day it would set sail for New Amsterdam. Red-sleeved *bateau*-men were lounging about, with here and there an Indian among the crews, and, elevated on one of the sweeps of a *bateau*, was also the announcement that at dawn it would take up its course for the waters of the Upper Mohawk.

Stepping along the dock, the two friends came at length to a pause, and the whole beautiful river-scene was expanded to their view. Upward the sight was led to the hills above Vanderheyden's Ferry, now Troy, and downward to the first of the windings that continued down toward Bearren Island (Passanock in the Indian tongue), fortified in Rensselaerwyck times by the cannon of the Patroon, to enforce his right to the exclusive Indian fur-trade against all navigators of the river.

Crimson clouds were reflected from the rich glass of the river, a *periauger* was rounding to the dock, its one large sail gleaming in the sunset, and a *bateau* was creeping downward a little distance from the shore, which was thickly plumed with elms, in some instances growing horizontally with the water, as if crowded by their fellows in the rear. Opposite the hills rose, from the river, the deep woods in their gorgeous October coloring, as if rainbows had melted upon them with jewels of all mines, and rendered still more splendid by the rich yet soft gold of the October sunset. It was an enchanting

scene, and the pair lingered some time in its enjoyment. At last they retraced their steps to the entrance of State Street, and, proceeding upward a few paces, passed the Town Hall, a stone structure of three stories, with a steeple in which was a bell, and tipped with a gilt ball with the customary vane.

They again reached the intersection and turned upward into Market Street with its straggling houses, where stood the market of the city in the centre of the broad space, until the dominie checked his steps at the corner of Rom Street (now Maiden Lane), the street next parallel to State. Here stood his steep-roofed domicile, covered with lapped shingles like rounded scales, or rather scallops, with its gable to the street and the iron letters of its erection, and with its enormous spout ready to pour its flood of water, the next shower, on all passers-by; while Dirck continued his walk up the street toward his gambrel-roofed dwelling in "The Colonie," at the corner of North Lansing Street.

The soft autumnal evening closed around the little city. The broad October moon shone upon the rich, beautiful slope between Duke Street and the river, and poured a silver smile upon the "Pasture" at the south of the city, grouped with its elms and willows, where it skirted the Hudson.

From the windows of the Schuyler mansion lights glittered, betokening some festal occasion of more than usual significance.

In the broad lower hall guests were gathered around a dinner-table, which, gay with decanters, glasses, and fruits, diffused a pleasant smile throughout the antique apartment.

At the head of the table sat General Schuyler. On the right of the host were General Burgoyne and Mr. Burdenell, chaplain of the British army, with Generals Gall and Specht (commanders of the Hessian troops); while on the opposite side were ranged General Phillips, of the royal artillery, and Baron de Riedesel, general-in-chief of the German forces, Major Ackland, and William Gilliland, owner of an immense domain on the west side of Lake Champlain, within the present county of Essex. The cloth had been removed, and all were engaged sipping their wine.

"I beg to propose a sentiment," said General Burgoyne, filling his glass. "I give you" (bowing with easy grace to General Schuyler) "Madam Catalina Schuyler, wife of our distinguished host. Reversing Nature, she plants roses on snow-drifts. To repay me for kindling the torch in my prosperity, to destroy her harvests, she lights the sunshine of her hospitality in my adversity, to destroy even the remembrance of my wrong. You" (bowing to Mr. Gilliland) "can appreciate the sentiment; for, if report be true, you have seen your own domain swept with the same torch of war by the Canadians and Indians of my army in their retreat down the lake on my surrender."

After the sentiment had been received with all the honors—"That can I," returned Gilliland, sadly; "not a roof was left standing, not a field escaped. But it was the fortune of war; let it all go. I do not regret the loss, for it was in the cause of my country."

"Those Indians and Tories were the curse

\* Known later as the Vanderheyden Place.



of my army," said Burgoyne. "In vain I tried to restrain them. The bloodthirstiness of the one was only equalled by the revengeful cruelty of the other." Then, turning to Gilliland, he added: "Tell me of your efforts in settling that wild domain of yours."

"There is but little to tell, although there was much to do and endure," said Gilliland, modestly. "I determined to found a colony at Lake Champlain, and, having purchased two thousand acres of the wilderness, which I increased to thirty thousand, I collected in all ninety settlers, and, after a weary struggle of twelve years, during which I lost two of my family by the overturning of a *bateau*, planted them at my purchase, which I named Milltown. The first dwelling between Crown Point and Canada was erected by me at Willsburgh Falls, in my settlement, where I had fixed my own residence. Here I lived until the Revolution broke out. I espoused the colonial cause, and became a marked man. Governor Carleton offered a reward for my capture. My estate lay directly in the path of both the British and the American armies, and I was unceasingly called upon for services—which, to the latter, Heaven knows, were willingly rendered. I have entertained from three to four thousand American adherents, from the general to the sentinel, yielding my own bed to the sick, while I slept on straw. But my ruin was at last complete. You, my dear general" (with a smile), "ravaged my domain, which was right; and Arnold, which was not right, followed your example. At last the Tories and Indians of your army, on their retreat to Canada, after your surrender, as you observed, swept my whole domain with the besom of destruction. Nothing was left—dwelling, field, hoof, all went. At my last visit I heard the owl hoot among the black rafters of my dwelling, and I started a panther on the precise spot where my camp-fire had crackled and roared throughout the snow-drifts of many a long winter. I have been the inmate of a jail for debt; I have been in want of a meal, but I am content;" and the meek, good man, deserving a better fate than perishing, as he did, a few years later, alone and broken-hearted, in the wilderness surrounding his former residence, bowed his head on his breast and became silent.

"Your life in these forests of ours must have afforded a strong contrast to the gayeties and splendors of London, general?" said Schuyler, quickly, turning with admirable tact to Burgoyne.

"Very striking, very striking!" exclaimed Burgoyne, with animation. "I can scarce express it. I have been thrown so much in the gay life and with the distinguished people of our British metropolis, that the contrast was most marked."

A long conversation followed, in which Burgoyne related many incidents of his experiences in London. As he ended, he said:

"But a truce to these remembrances! Let us hear some of your own, general!"

"Have you observed," said Schuyler, thus called upon, "the gash on the post, or main pillar, of the balustrade leading to the upper hall? There is quite an incident attached to it—an incident peculiar to our New World,

as your recollections are to the Old. I was a young man at the time. But, before I begin, I must premise that in yonder closet" (pointing, through the open door of a chamber at the west of the hall, to an enclosure) "opens a secret passage downward to the cellar, and thence underground to the river, very near a quarter of a mile distant, made for an escape from Indian attacks, very frequent when the dwelling was built. One evening, in summer, the whole family were collected in this hall. A nurse, with one of the children, was sitting on the lower steps of the stairway. Suddenly, she gave a shrill scream; and, looking up, we saw Agnier, a well-known Indian chief, in the paint and garb of a warrior on the war-path, descending the stairs. His tomahawk was in one hand, and scalping-knife in the other. The nurse started to her feet; and, quick as lightning, the savage, with a loud whoop, aimed his hatchet at her head. It fell, however, harmlessly, and was buried in the main-pillar head of the balustrade. Before he could recover his weapon, we all had rushed into the closet, locking the outer door, as well as the door of the closet. We descended the stairs into the cellar, where a massive-iron door closed the passage to the river. It was fortunately unbarred, and we darted through just as the Indian, with a dozen yelling savages following, leaped down the stairs. To close and bar the door was the work of a moment, and I did it just as the Indian's tomahawk, in an ineffectual blow at me, clanked on the iron. We now felt comparatively safe; still we were by no means certain but the infuriated savages, baffled of their prey, might not find a way to batter the door from its hinges, particularly as large logs of firewood strewed the cellar; and we continued our way to the river, where boats were always moored for such emergencies. As we fled, dull, heavy shocks told that the savages were endeavoring, as we feared, to burst open the door. We at length reached the boats—two in number, moored at a little, grassy dock—unlocked their chains, and entered. The passage, for some time, had been echoing to the whoops of the pursuing foes; and, just as we were rounding a point, the savages appeared on the dock. They were without their rifles, which they had dropped as an incumbrance, (having entered the house, as we afterward discovered, by climbing the lightning-rod, and then passing through a window into the upper story), and counting on an easy prey from the secrecy of their entrance; and you, knowing their nature, can imagine their rage at our escape. The point immediately hid them from our view; but their long, blood-thirsty whoops sufficiently told what our fate would have been had they effected our capture. In the mean while, the neighbors, roused by the whoops, had rallied, sounded the alarm-bell at the top of our house, and the savages retreated over the pine-plains toward their village, or rather castle, in the neighborhood of Schenectady, then an extreme frontier trading-post."

Schuyler ceased, and the conversation became general.

"I knew the Indian Agnier," remarked Major Ackland. "He was a most truculent

villain. He still owes me a grudge for saving one of our men from his tomahawk, whom he had attacked in revenge for a slight received, as he supposed, from the soldier one day."

"I heard of the occurrence," said Baron de Riedesel. "The soldier was one of my dragoons. Agnier wished to exchange a beaver-skin for one of the heavy brass ornaments attached to his uniform, and, because the man very properly refused, he attacked him."

"There was another Indian, named the Wild Cat, fully equal to Agnier in ferocity," said General Phillips. "I was an eye-witness to a struggle between him and one of my artillerymen, a bold, powerful fellow. It was a long struggle, but the savage was at last thrown, and, while under, drew his knife. My interposition was just in time to save Robson, my cannoner, from a sudden fate."

"I noticed the Wild Cat at the funeral of General Fraser," said Mr. Brudenell. "He had collected a group of his brother-savages, and was holding forth, with all the fire and energy of the Indian nature, on the merits of the deceased—a real funeral oration, as I could gather from my knowledge of his language—when a cannon-ball from the American General Winslow, darting close to the group, put a stop to his eloquence and the gathering simultaneously."

"I see, gentlemen, you have finished your wine," said General Schuyler. "Would you not like to explore the secret passage? It is quite a romantic sight."

All expressed a desire to do so, and Schuyler, lighting a pine-torch, led the way to the closet. Lifting a trap-door, ingeniously let into the floor, a flight of steps was seen glimmering down into darkness. The party descended, Schuyler still leading the way. A few steps brought them to the level of the cellar, lighted by a few small, beamed windows. Here the strong iron door became visible. Schuyler swung it heavily on its rusty hinges, and the black passage opened, with an unlighted cresset at the entrance in the wall. Schuyler again led the way. The dark-crimson light of the torch laid open the sable-throated path, touching the roof and sides with flecks of radiance. Above them was felt the occasional jar of a passing wheel, or the dull trample of a horse. At length, a pallid light glimmered in front, and in a few minutes all emerged upon the little wooden dock. The moon beamed magnificently on the river, which shone one blaze of silver blotted with frequent dark, crossing sails. It was a beautiful scene, and all testified by their lingering to their enjoyment of it.

"By just such molten moonlight I moved up Lake Champlain with my fleet," said Burgoyne. "Fort Ticonderoga looked like a thunder-cloud in the soft, pearly light."

"You are as much a poet as a soldier, general," said Schuyler.

"Would Fate had made me entirely the one!" returned Burgoyne. "I should have been a happier man, if not a more successful one."

"We make not our own fortunes, general," rejoined Schuyler, "else I might have



been your conqueror instead of Gates" (with a smile and sigh mingled).

"And the author of 'The Heiress' have remained a happy playwright instead of an unhappy general."

"Man proposes and God disposes," said Schuyler, reverently. "So it has been, and so it will be forever."

ALFRED B. STREET.

## THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

LOWELL, in his "New England Two Centuries ago," calls attention to the singular fact that John Winthrop, Jr., the founder of the city of New London, was a dabbler in the black art; and that he, in connection with Jonathan Brewster, the son of the godly elder of the Pilgrim Fathers, was engaged for a considerable time in the quest of the universal elixir, that was to transmute every thing to its own substance. In the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society are preserved a number of letters from one Edward Howes, in London, to Winthrop, in New England, which prove how sincere was the latter's belief in the possibility of transmutation. Howes was a relative of the Winthrops, and was studying law in the chambers of Emanuel Downing, in the Inner Temple, London. Winthrop appears to have kept up a frequent correspondence with him, and often to have propounded queries that sent Howes to the doctors of the black art for consultation. Among those whom the latter visited in pursuit of knowledge was an "Arabian Philos." styled "Dr. Lyon, the best of all the Rosicrucians that ever I met withal, far beyond Dr. Ewer: they that are of his strain are knowing men; they pretend to live in free light, they honor God, and do good to the people among whom they live, and I conceive you are in the right that they had their learning from Arabia." It is probable that he was also in communication with the celebrated Dr. Fludd, who was living then in London. Under date of 1632, Howes writes: "I writt to you of Dr. Fludd's works, and sent you a catalogue of them. . . . Have sent you two other books, viz., 'Malthus Fireworks,' and the 'Horizontall Quadrant,' full of new devices."

Jonathan Brewster, Winthrop's co-worker and confidant at New London, was a man of varied accomplishments. His family came over in the Mayflower with his father, Elder William Brewster, but for some reason he himself did not come until the year after, in the ship Fortune. He engaged at first in the coasting-trade, and was master for several years of a small vessel plying between Plymouth and Virginia. Meeting with losses, he gave up the sea, and removed to Winthrop's plantation at Pequot, afterward called New London, where he set up a trading-house. He had a monopoly of the Indian trade of the neighborhood for a number of years, and succeeded in making a comfortable living. His previous pecuniary troubles had taught him the value of the yellow metal, and he readily fell in with Winthrop's vagaries. The latter had probably been experimenting before Brewster's arrival in New London, which oc-

curred in 1649, but we have no evidence of it beyond the correspondence with Howes. Brewster appears to have been the active agent, and it is probable that all the experiments were conducted at his house. Among the Winthrop papers are a number of letters from him to Winthrop, giving an account of his operations. They are couched in the jargon of the hermetic philosophers, and, whatever meaning they may have conveyed to Winthrop, are certainly unintelligible to modern readers. Chemists of the present day would be troubled to translate such expressions as the "fat of mercurial wind," the "scum of the Red Sea," "virgin's milk," the "quintessence of sun and moon, earth and water," a "cold and moist fire," etc.

Brewster died in 1661. As he left but a moderate estate, we are forced to the conclusion that his labors did not meet with the expected reward, notwithstanding that he tells us that the process of transmutation is "a worke so easy and short, fitter for women and young children than sage and grave men." But it appears that he had entered the penitential only with the eye of Faith. In another communication to Winthrop, he expresses a fear that he may not live to complete the work, which he foresees will take a much longer time than he had anticipated. He is so sure, however, of ultimate success, that he promises to note down the result of his experiments, so that Winthrop may continue them, in case he himself shall be foiled; and he begs his patron to remember his wife and children, when he shall have brought to a successful termination the work so happily begun.

In the light of the present age it appears strange that a man of Winthrop's mental capacity and acquirements should have lent himself to such charlatanism; but we would fall into a grievous error were we to judge him by the standard of to-day. Two centuries hence, doubtless, men who look back upon our times will see as much to condemn and to deride in many of our acts as we now see in those of our forefathers. It must be borne in mind, too, that a belief in the possibility of the transmutation of metals was almost universal at the time among men of letters. Men of greater scientific attainments than Winthrop had faith in it. Sir Thomas Browne was convinced of its feasibility. Thomas Vaughan, a distinguished scholar of Oxford, and also contemporary with Winthrop, was popularly believed to possess the secrets of the philosopher's stone and of the elixir of life. He, as well as Robert Fludd, was a Rosicrucian adept. Although supposed to have died in 1666, he is believed, says a writer in 1749, "by those of his fraternity, to be living now." Under the pseudonyme of Eugenius Philalethes, he wrote a number of learned treatises on the occult art, in one of which he relates a curious adventure of his own: "Going once to a goldsmith to sell twelve hundred marks' worth of gold, the man remarked, after examining the metal, that it never came out of a mine, but was the product of art, as it was not of the standard of any known kingdom;" which proved so sudden a dilemma to the scholar that he departed incontinently, leaving his new-made gold behind him.

Fludd, or Robertus de Fluctibus, as he Latinized his name, who died in 1637, was a fellow of the same great university. He devoted his life to alchemy, and also wrote at length on the subject. Whatever may be thought of his philosophical vagaries, it must be conceded that he was a man of great erudition and of extensive research.

Dr. Edmond Dickinson, physician to Charles II., was an alchemist, and a professed seeker of the philosopher's stone. Homberg, a celebrated physician and chemist, who lived at a still later date, believed in it; and Bergmann, the great Swedish chemist, who flourished almost on the confines of our own century (he died in 1784), wrote of the different accounts, given by writers of apparent veracity, of accomplished transmutations, that, "although most of them are deceptive, and many uncertain, some bear such character and testimony that, unless we reject all historical evidence, we must allow them to be entitled to confidence."

At a still later date, Woulfe, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who died in 1805, is said to have been a believer in alchemy; and even Sir Humphrey Davy is affirmed, with what truth we know not, to have declined to express his opinion that the transmutation of metals is impossible. Nay, it is believed that, notwithstanding the wonderful advance in chemical knowledge within the last generation, men are even now pursuing the hermetic art in secret, in the fond hope that some happy chance may put into their hands the key to the world's treasures.

Alchemy probably originated in Egypt, but at so early a date that its beginnings are lost in the shadows of the past. Since man has been a reasoning being, the two great principles that have actuated his conduct have been the love of riches and the fear of death. To attain the former and to avoid the latter has ever been his dream. Hermes Trismegistus, according to the hermetic philosophers, who derive their name from him, was the father of the science. We are told that he was identical with Canaan, the son of Ham, whose other son, Mizraim, first occupied and peopled Egypt. Plutarch says that the ancient name of Egypt was Chemia (*Χημία*), so called from the black color of the alluvial soil, the Egyptian word *kem* or *chem* (Ham?) signifying black. This is the root whence come our words alchemy and chemistry. The former reaches us through an Arabic medium, *alkimia*, which is compounded of the Greek *χημία* and the Arabic prefix *al*.

According to Suidas, chemistry originally meant the artificial preparation of gold and silver. "The word appears for the first time," says Dr. Thomson, "in the works of this author, who wrote in the eleventh century, in the reign of the Emperor Alexis Comnenus; but some refer it to a much earlier date." In his Lexicon, Suidas gives the following curious speculation regarding the ancient fable of the Golden Fleece: "Deras (*Ἰόλαος*), the golden fleece, which Jason and the Argonauts took, after a voyage through the Black Sea to Colchis, together with Medea, daughter of King Aetes, was not what the poets represent it, but a treatise written on skins, teaching how gold might be prepared by chemistry (*ἡμεῖς*).

χρυσάω). Probably, therefore, it was called, by those who lived at the time, *golden*, on account of its great importance."

John of Antioch states that the Emperor Diocletian, when in Egypt, "caused a diligent inquiry to be made for all the ancient books which treated of the admirable art of making gold and silver, and, without pity, committed them to the flames; apprehensive, as we are assured, lest the opulence of the Egyptians should inspire them with confidence to rebel against the empire." Suidas, in chronicling the same fact, says: "His object was to prevent the Egyptians from becoming rich from the knowledge of the art, lest, emboldened by abundance of wealth, they might be induced afterward to resist the Romans." Suidas may have believed this absurdity; but Diocletian was too able a prince to commit such a blunder. If he had had any faith in the formulas of the Egyptian books, he would have sought rather to turn them to his own account than to destroy them. It is more probable that he intended the order of suppression as a blow at the silly pretensions of the Egyptian priesthood, who exercised an immense influence over the common people, and interfered, perhaps, with his plans for Romanizing the country.

Whatever was the origin of the science of alchemy, its knowledge and practice soon passed from Egypt, through the Greeks of Alexandria, into Greece, where it was cultivated assiduously between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries. In the beginning of the seventh century the Arabians became interested in the art, and the rage for gold-making spread rapidly through the Mohammedan world. Some of the most noted of the hermetic professors found patronage at the court of the caliphs, among them Geber, Rhazes, Alfarabius, and Avicenna. The works of Geber are among the oldest, if they are not the oldest, extant on alchemy.

With the Arabs alchemy passed into Spain, and thence into the other countries of Europe. It found adherents among all the learned men of the time, and, from the eleventh through the sixteenth century, the scholars of Germany, France, Italy, and England, vied with each other in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. To their labors, misguided as they may appear to us, the world of science is largely indebted. In the pursuit of their *ignis fatuus* they were continually stumbling on new discoveries; and in time was thus collected a vast array of facts which ultimately led to the development of modern chemistry.

The labors of the alchemists had three several objects: first, the *Elizir Vita*, or *Elizir of Life*, which was to render man immortal; second, the *Alkahest*, or Universal Menstruum, a solvent for all solids; third, the *Lapis Philosophi*, or Philosopher's Stone, which possessed the power of transmuting all baser metals into gold.

The hermetic philosophers claimed the possession of all of these. Dr. Dickinson, before referred to, asserts positively that the elixir is in the hands of the "Illuminated," or Rosicrucians, but adds that the brethren, by the time they have discovered it, have ceased to desire its uses, being far above them, and "decline availing themselves of life for cen-

turies, because they are wishful for other things." Such self-abnegation is worthy of more praise than it is likely to get in this unsympathetic world; but the refusal to give others the opportunity of availing themselves of immortality must have looked something like selfishness to the uninitiated.

But still more cruel were they in concealing from mankind the mystery of that all-powerful agent, the philosopher's stone. They had, of course, what they considered good reasons for suppressing the great secret. They disdained to become gold-makers for the greedy, or suppliers to the idle. As for themselves, they wanted not, but were satisfied with the possession of, the ability to make gold at will. They lived in the mind, and cared not for the wealth nor the honors of the world. Fearful, if they made known their wondrous gifts, that they might become the prey of avaricious tyrants, or be persecuted as necromancers, they concealed their knowledge in cabalistic language and formulas, intelligible only to the initiated.

The general theory of the alchemical philosophers was, that all metals are composed of metallic earth and sulphur. This was the belief of Geber, Paracelsus, Roger Bacon, Ripley, Homberg, and many other eminent professors of the art. It is probably the oldest of all the theories. Geber says that he adopted the idea from "the ancients." By sulphur was understood any pure, inflammable substance. Homberg lucidly tells us that the pure sulphur of metals is solar light. Mercury was supposed to contain more and purer metallic earth than the other metals, and was called, therefore, mercurial earth. Gold, according to these philosophers, is an intimate combination of pure sulphur and mercurial earth, and the other metals, besides these ingredients, contained various impurities from which they derived their several characteristics. Lead, from its specific gravity, and copper, from its approximate color to gold, were the chief objects of experiment; and the philosopher's stone was the instrument through the virtues of which the alchemists sought to eliminate these impurities. It is described generally as a red or yellow powder, with a strong, peculiar smell. Formulas for its preparation are to be found in many of the alchemical books, but they are couched in such ambiguous terms as to be unintelligible. The novice is as likely to gain information from them as he is to solve the mystery of poor Jonathan Brewster's "Red Sea," which, he kindly informs us, "is the sun and moon calcinated and brought and reduced into water mineral, which, in some time, and most of the whole time, is red."

Although none of the alchemical writers tell us how to make gold, they are profuse in narrating instances in which they have either seen or have themselves accomplished the transmutation. Libavius, the German chemist, who died in 1616, produces accounts, in his treatise "De Natura Metallorum," of numerous well-authenticated cases from a number of ancient authorities. Franciscus Picus, in his book "De Auro," gives eighteen instances in which he himself saw gold made by transmutation. Dr. Dee, who died in 1608, avowed that he possessed the secret of

the philosopher's stone; and his son, Arthur Dee, physician to King Charles I., gave satisfactory proof to Sir Thomas Browne, and others, that his father, when in Bohemia, with the aid of Sir Edward Kelly, turned pewter flagons into pure silver, which the goldsmiths in Prague bought without question.

A more circumstantial account of transmutation is the following, given by Mangetus in his "Bibliotheca Chemica Curiosa," on the authority of M. Gros, a clergyman of Geneva, a man of unexceptionable character, and an expert chemist:

"About the year 1650," says Mangetus, "an unknown Italian came to Geneva and took lodgings at the sign of the Green Cross. After a day or two, he asked De Luc, the landlord, to procure him a man acquainted with Italian, who could accompany him through the town and point out to him objects of interest. De Luc was acquainted with M. Gros, a young man of about twenty years of age, a student in Geneva; and, knowing his proficiency in the Italian language, requested him to accompany the stranger. To this proposition he willingly acceded, and attended the Italian for a fortnight. The stranger at last began to complain of a want of money, which alarmed M. Gros, who was poor, and he became apprehensive that he would ask a loan from him. But the Italian asked him, instead, if he was acquainted with any goldsmith, whose bellows and other utensils they might be permitted to use, and who would be willing to supply them with the different articles requisite for a particular process which he wanted to perform. They repaired to a M. Bureau, who readily furnished crucibles, pure tin, quicksilver, and the other things wanted by the Italian. The goldsmith left the workshop, that the stranger might be under no restraint, leaving M. Gros and one of his own workmen as an attendant. The Italian put a quantity of tin into one crucible, and some quicksilver into another. The tin was melted, and the mercury heated. The latter was then poured into the melted tin, and at the same time a red powder, enclosed in wax, was projected into the amalgam. An agitation took place, and a great deal of smoke was exhaled from the crucible. This speedily subsided, and the whole, being poured out, formed six heavy ingots, having the color of gold. The goldsmith was called in by the Italian and requested to make a rigid examination of the smallest piece. He tested it thoroughly, and exclaimed that he had never before worked on gold so perfectly pure. The Italian made him a present of the piece, and then went with M. Gros to the mint, where he received from M. Bacuet, the mint-master, a quantity of Spanish gold coin equal to the weight of the ingots. To M. Gros he made a present of twenty pieces, and, after paying his bill at the inn, added fifteen more pieces, enough to entertain M. Gros and M. Bureau for some days. He then ordered a supper, that he might sup with his two guests; but, while it was preparing, he stepped out, and was never seen by any of them again."

Mangetus relates another apparently trustworthy case, on the authority of an English bishop, who communicated it to him in 1685,

at the same time giving him about a half-ounce of the gold which the alchemist had made:

"A stranger, meanly dressed, went to a Mr. Boyle, and, after conversing for some time about chemical processes, requested him to furnish him with some antimony and some other common metallic substances, which happened to be in Boyle's laboratory. These were put into a crucible, which was then placed in a melting-furnace. As soon as the metals were fused, the stranger showed a powder to the attendants, which he projected into the crucible, and, directing the servants to leave the crucible in the furnace until the fire went out of its own accord, instantly departed, promising to return in a few hours. As he did not fulfil his promise, Boyle ordered the cover to be taken from the crucible, and found therein a yellow-colored metal, possessing all the properties of pure gold, and only a little lighter than the weight of the crude materials which had thus been transmuted."

One more example, related by Helvetius, physician to the Prince of Orange, in his "Vitulus Aureus," is worth giving. Helvetius was a professed skeptic, a disbeliever in both the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine. His story, therefore, ought to carry some weight.

He says that "a stranger called on him on the 27th of December, 1666, and, after conversing for some time about a universal medicine, showed him a yellow powder, which he affirmed to be the philosopher's stone, and at the same time five large plates of gold which had been made by means of it. Helvetius entreated him to give him a little of the powder, or at least to make a trial of it; but the stranger refused, and went away, promising to return in six weeks. He came at the time appointed, and, after much entreaty, gave Helvetius a small piece, not larger than a rapeseed. When the latter expressed his doubts whether so small a portion would suffice to convert four grains of lead into gold, the adept broke off one half of it, and assured him that the remainder was more than sufficient for the purpose. During the first conference, Helvetius had concealed a little under his nail. This he threw into melted lead, but it was almost all driven off in smoke, leaving only a vitreous earth. When he mentioned this, the stranger informed him that the powder must be enclosed in wax before putting it into the melted lead, lest it should be injured by the smoke of the lead. The stranger promised to return the next day and show him how to make the projection; but, like all of his kind, he forgot to keep his word, and Helvetius tried the experiment himself. In the presence of his wife and son, he put six drachms of lead into a crucible, and, as soon as it was melted, he threw into it the fragment of the philosopher's stone in his possession, having previously covered it with wax. The crucible was then closed with its lid, and left for a quarter of an hour in the fire, at the end of which time he found the lead converted into gold. Its color was at first a deep green; being poured into a conical vessel, it assumed a blood-red color; but, when cold, it became yellow, like gold. On

being examined by a goldsmith, it was pronounced to be pure gold; and it withstood all the tests applied to it by Porrellus, the master of the Dutch Mint."

If these accounts are not sufficient to convince the most incredulous of the possibility of transmutation, we confidently refer the reader to the treatises of Albert Groot, surnamed Magous, of Arnoldus de Villa Nova, Basil Valentine, Baptista Porta, Joannes Rungius, Rubens, Picus, Libavius, Quercetanus, and of the other great professors of the art, wherein will be found many still more wonderful examples.

The critical reader will raise the objection that nearly all of these stories come to us at second-hand; that in almost every instance the evidence is merely hearsay. But is it not so with all history? If we believe only that which can be sworn to in a court of justice, we shall have but little left to pin our faith to.

In conclusion, however, it is proper to add that distinguished scientists of modern times have laughed at the pretensions of the alchemists, and have even accused them of perpetrating the most barefaced frauds, in order to convince their dupes that they were possessed of supernatural powers. In the year 1772, M. Stephen Louis Geoffroy read a paper before the French Academy of Sciences, in which he attempted to make an exposure of the different tricks resorted to by the adepts. We give a few of his statements, from which the reader can draw his own conclusions:

"Sometimes," he says, "they put the oxide of gold or of silver at the bottom of the crucible, covering the mixture with some powdered substance and gum-water, or with wax, so that it might look like the bottom of the crucible; sometimes they made a hole in a piece of charcoal, filled it with powdered gold or silver, and closed the hole with wax; or soaked charcoal in a solution of these metals, and threw it, when powdered, upon the material to be transmuted. They used, also, small pieces of wood, hollowed and filled with filings of gold and silver, and stopped with fine sawdust of the same wood, which, on burning, left the metal in the crucible. Sometimes they whitened gold with mercury, and made it pass for silver or tin, and, when melted, exhibited it as gold obtained by transmutation. They had, too, a solution of nitrate of silver or muriate of gold, or an amalgam of gold and silver, which, being adroitly introduced into the crucible, furnished gold. Another of their tricks was to change part of an iron nail into gold, by dipping it into a certain solution." M. Geoffroy, who is a confirmed skeptic, says that these nails were made one-half of iron and one-half of gold, soldered together. The gold was covered with something to conceal its color. This was removed by the liquid into which it was dipped, and a portion of the nail was apparently turned into gold.

M. Geoffroy gives other no less curious instances of deception, for which we must refer the reader to his memoir.

Since the days of Winthrop and Brewster, the search for the philosopher's stone, if pursued at all in this country, has been pursued

in silence and secrecy. At least the public has heard nothing of it. But, as we write, a statement appears in the newspapers, credited to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, asserting that the art of making gold has not only been sought in California, but actually found. Here is the story, as we find it related in the *New-York Times*, of September 2, 1872:

"Three or four months ago a plain-looking man, of American birth, walked into a San Francisco bank, and asked to see the manager. The latter was weary, and not happy. Too much doubtful paper had been discounted, or the mining-stock collaterals were shrinking too fast in value. Almost before the newcomer opened his lips, the manager anticipated him by a not over-courteous refusal. 'Very sorry,' he said, 'but can't do it, whatever it is.' The plain-looking man made no reply, but calmly placed a leather valise on the banker's desk before him, opened it, took out an ingot of dingy metal, and handed it to the other in silence. 'Well,' said the man of 'gilt-edged' and other paper, 'what of it? Tin, ain't it, or brass?' A sarcastic smile illumined the face of the mysterious stranger. 'Look again,' he muttered, sententiously. 'What for?' asked the banker, fretfully. 'I'm no judge of minerals, anyhow—except one—and I've no time to study this particular specimen.' His visitor mildly persisted, and to this end became more loquacious. 'Do you know gold when you see it? If not, will you call in some trustworthy expert who does?' The banker, with some reluctance, assented. A well-known assayer was summoned, and to him the mass, with some others like it, was submitted. On seeing the metal he asked, with excitement, where it came from; but, receiving no satisfaction, agreed to do what was requested, and took it away for assay. The next day he came back, by appointment, meeting the two others, and produced a yellow bar. 'That looks like gold,' said the banker. 'Rather,' returned the assayer. 'It is gold—nearly a thousand fine; the finest I ever put in a crucible.' The mysterious owner said nothing. Questions were put to him as to where he got the precious stuff, but these were civilly evaded. He desired, as a further test, that the bar should be sent to the mint. This, too, was done, and the bar came back in due time, transformed into eight thousand dollars' worth of double eagles. The cash, by request of the stranger, was put to his credit, and he then disappeared. For a week he was not seen, during which time the banker looked eagerly at the newspapers, expecting to find some robbery reported of an up-country treasure-box, of which his new friend would turn out to be the hero. But this was not to be. At the end of a week the latter came back, and this time laid before the excited banker a much larger quantity of the same metal. 'It is gold,' he cried, 'pure gold, like the last! Where did you get it?' The stranger looked with steadfastness at his interlocutor, and replied, calmly: 'I made it—I made it myself!'

"The astonishment of the banker was, of course, unbounded, and was not diminished by the particulars afterward confided to him. Our modern Midas announced that, after long and painful effort, he had discovered the secret of the transmutation of metals. He could make gold by the ton—nay, by the ship-load; but the process he would reveal to no living soul. A bargain was, however, effected, whereby he and the banker became partners, Midas furnishing the bullion, and his friend undertaking its cautious and profitable distribution. The latter did not fail, by way of getting his



chance in so good a thing, to point out the troubles and dangers that might arise—from those interested in values the momentous discovery would impair—were not secrecy, as to the identity of the inventor, and an intermediary, such as his own bank, judiciously employed. At the time the article of the *Chronicle* appeared, more than half a million of coin made of the manufactured gold is said to have been put in circulation, and plenty more of the same sort was soon to follow."

Of course, before giving implicit credence to this statement, we wait for further information. California imagination is very inventive, and produces fictions as readily as the soil of the State produces fruit, and of equally monstrous growth.

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

## THE INFLUENCE OF PLANTS ON THE AIR OF ROOMS.

A GREAT deal has been written and said upon the influence of plants on the air of rooms, and yet people in general have no very clear idea in regard to it, the probability being that the opinions of any casually-selected half-dozen persons will be about equally divided on the question of the good or bad effects of plants and flowers in rooms, especially bedrooms. The result is that many persons ignorantly expose themselves to deleterious influences; while others, to whom flowers are a great luxury, deprive themselves of the pleasure that might be derived from the in-door cultivation of plants, being deterred from admitting them to their rooms by a fear of their injurious effects.

It is now generally understood that, in the organic world, plants and animals form two mutually antagonistic agencies. While animals destroy, plants reconstruct; what animals pull down, plants build up. Animals and fires are constantly vitiating the atmosphere; while plants, on the other hand, are as constantly purifying it. In this way the poisonous emanations of volcanoes, the effete breath of animals, and the deadly fumes of fires, are not only removed and rendered harmless, but are actually converted into delicious fruits and life-sustaining food; so that these two kingdoms, the animal and the vegetable, are not merely antagonistic, but form a wondrous balance to each other.

The details of this process are easily followed and understood, and may be thus stated: When we burn a piece of bread, it is quickly reduced to charcoal; and, if the process be continued, the whole of it, with the exception of a very small quantity of ashes, will disappear, being converted into air or gas. The same effect that is produced in the fire is produced in our bodies. The charcoal of the bread is burned and passes off in our breath as carbonic acid, and thus the air is constantly undergoing a process of poisoning, which necessitates ventilation in our houses. The plant, however, seizes upon this carbonic acid, and, with the aid of sunlight, decomposes it, using the carbon, or charcoal, to build up its own structure, while the oxygen that was consumed by the animal in burning

up its food is set free and allowed to escape into the atmosphere. Plants are thus the great purifiers of the atmosphere; and consequently, whether in the open air or in close rooms, they serve to render it fit for respiration. So far, therefore, as mere vegetable functions are concerned, plants are undoubtedly a benefit. It is true that they act as purifiers only in the presence of sunlight, and during darkness they are apt to give out a small portion of the carbonic acid they had previously absorbed; but this fact may be safely disregarded, as the quantity of gas given out in such circumstances by one of the largest house-plants probably does not equal the amount that would be emitted by half a dozen expirations of an ordinary adult. Moreover, there are good grounds for believing that, in addition to the removal of mere carbonic acid, plants exercise a salutary influence upon the oxygen of the air. Thus the well-known influence of sun-flowers, and other plants with large foliage, in preventing miasma, has been attributed to the fact that the oxygen given out by these plants is highly ozonized, and that this ozone destroys the miasmatic germs. In support of this view its advocates adduce the fact that, in towns and cities, where the population is dense and vegetation scanty, there is always a remarkable absence of ozone; while in the country parts, where vegetation is abundant, ozone abounds.

On the whole, then, there is no reason for supposing that the foliage of ordinary plants exercises an injurious influence on the air of rooms; but, at the same time, we must not suppose from this that all plants are harmless. Most of the plants that are grown in houses are highly odorous; and it is well known that the odors of many plants produce an injurious effect, which is greater than can be accounted for by any mere perfume to which they give rise. Precisely what plants are injurious to the generality of mankind it is at present impossible to say. Certain plants, such as lilies and others of that family, seem to affect some persons, while to others they are perfectly innocuous; and in other cases, as, for example, that of kalmias and rhododendrons, while the plants themselves are harmless, the pollen of the flowers is highly narcotic. It has even been supposed that what is called hay-fever—a disease to which certain sensitive persons are subject during the hay-making season—is due to the pollen of that delightfully fragrant plant—the sweet, vernal grass. The pollen of this plant is known to contain coumarine, a compound which is found largely in the tonka-bean, and which readily forms a vapor that, when inhaled, powerfully affects the brain.

The great difficulty which lies in the way of giving specific directions on this point arises from the fact that different constitutions are differently affected by the same plant. To some the odor of new-mown hay is deliciously pleasant, and significant of balmy summer evenings and all the delights of country-life; to others it brings only memories of disease and pain. Unless, therefore, we know by experience that certain plants are harmless, we should be careful about ad-

mitting them to our rooms, especially when they are in flower. One rule is, however, tolerably safe, and that is, that those plants which are generally kept for the beauty of foliage, and which are destitute of odor, such as ivy and various climbing vines, are quite harmless. And, as we have just remarked, many plants are perfectly innocuous except when in flower. In regard to flowering and highly-odoriferous plants, *personal* experience is the only safe guide. It will not do, in this case, to rely upon the experience of others; and great caution must be observed, so that, on the appearance of the slightest evil effects, the plant under trial may be banished from our apartments.

JOHN PHIN.

## SALOME.

ACCORDING to the tradition of the Roman Catholic Church, Salome was the name of the daughter of Herodias, who danced before Herod, and as a reward demanded the head of John the Baptist. The story is thus told in the Gospel of Matthew, chapter xiv.:

"For Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him, and put him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife. For John said unto him, It is not lawful for thee to have her. And when he would have put him to death, he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet.

"But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask. And she, being before instructed of her mother, said, Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger.

"And the king was sorry: nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them which sat with him at meat, he commanded it to be given her. And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison. And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: and she brought it to her mother."

The daughter of Herodias, and the scene thus graphically though simply sketched by the Evangelist, are the subject of the picture by Henri Regnault, of which we give an engraving. The original was exhibited in Paris, in 1870, and made a great sensation. The painter himself was killed in one of the *sorties* during the siege of Paris by the Germans. The *Graphic* says of this work that the Salome it represents is not the Salome either of history or of classic art: "Though her heart might be as hard as stone, the real Salome was probably a fascinating feminine creature, or else she would not have so mightily pleased the voluptuous Herod with her dancing. M. Regnault's Salome, on the contrary, looks like a juvenile witch, or, as a French critic expresses it, like a devil-ridden Medea in miniature. She is seated on an Indian cabinet, and carries on her knees the basin in which lies a Persian dagger. The picture, at first repellent, begins to fascinate the spectator who regards it closely. The flesh-tints of the face and neck are, in the original, exquisite in their coloring."



SALOME.

FROM A PAINTING BY HENRY REGNAULT.

## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

KANE RUTHVEN had come here to Ruthven Towers on an errand. That errand was twofold: It referred, first, to his lost wife Clara; and, secondly, to his injured sister Inez. He had come here with these things foremost in his mind, and all his thoughts turned toward a dark mystery. But his arrival here had produced a change. The unexpected reception by Gwyn, the meeting with Bessie, the discovery of this loyal, true, and noble-hearted brother, with his fair, and gentle, and tender wife, all tended to expel the darker feelings from his soul. The first sound of Bessie's laugh had been to him what the harp-notes of David had once been to Saul; and, though the dark clouds might again roll over him, yet he none the less enjoyed this brief sunshine. For that day, at any rate, he did not choose to introduce the subject of Inez, and he gave himself up to the spirit of the occasion. Once more he came back to the old world which he had left; and, on becoming a Ruthven again, he allowed his mind to dwell upon the distant past. That night he took up his abode in the home of his fathers, and slept at Ruthven Towers.

The honest and unaffected joy of Gwyn over his brother's return could not be repressed, but was manifest after they had parted for the night, and while he and Bessie sat talking over the wonderful events of the day.

"Isn't it the most wonderful and the jolliest thing you ever heard of, Bessie, dear?" he said; "but, oh, you haven't the faintest idea of what he used to be! He was the most magnificent swell—the bravest, boldest, handsomest, most glorious man I ever saw. He neglects himself, and is reckless about his life; but you can easily judge yet, from his present appearance, what he may once have been. As it was, he was a great, bright vision in my life, that I've never forgotten. His ruin was a great, dark thunder-cloud, and I swear I've never got over that! I almost broke my heart about it, and I used to imagine a thousand things that I would do for him when I got older. And then I've never given him up, you know that; I told your poor father that. I always hoped he would turn up, and here he is at last. But he's an odd sort of a fellow. He always was the soul of honor and generosity; and in this he is the same still, only perhaps even more so. I've already told him how I searched for him, and how bad I had felt all along at keeping the title and estates while they were his. Whereupon, what do you think he said? Why, he declared that he wouldn't have any

thing to do with them; but, of course, he'll have to. I'll make him. He's suffered enough, poor old boy! from his family. All I want is to see him have his own. He'll have to take Ruthven Towers, and be Sir Kane. Plain Gwyn Ruthven's enough for me, especially so long as I have my little Bessie with me."

During these last words a cloud had come over Bessie's brow, which, however, Gwyn did not perceive. As he ended, he turned fondly toward her, and kissed her lovingly.

Bessie smiled.

"So he's going to be Sir Kane Ruthven, and you're only Mr. Ruthven, after this," said Bessie, slowly; "and he's going to take up his abode here on his own estates, and Ruthven Towers is all his own entirely, and we're intruders, so we are. Well—well, but it's a queer world we live in, so it is."

As Bessie said this, the forced smile passed off, and the cloud came back to her face. But Gwyn was taken up with his own pleasant thoughts, and did not notice her.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "the king shall come to his own again. Hurrah! Kane swears he won't take it, but I swear he shall. And now we'll see who'll win."

"Oh, sure, he'll take it fast enough," said Bessie, gloomily. "No man ever lived that would refuse it—and if it's his—it's his, so it is."

"Yes; but you know he really wouldn't take it if I didn't make him," said Gwyn; "and I'm going to make him."

Bessie was silent for some time. This was so unusual a thing with her that Gwyn at length noticed it, and looked at her smilingly and pleasantly. Her head was half turned, so that he could not see her face, and therefore did not observe the slight frown of her usually serene brow, or the compressed lips, that generally were fixed in so sweet a smile. But serenity and smiles were gone now.

"Isn't it awfully jolly?" cried Gwyn, enthusiastically.

"Awfully," said Bessie, while her little hands clutched each other convulsively, and a deeper frown came over her brow.

"It's almost too good, to get old Kane back," said Gwyn, in the same voice. "I swear I can hardly believe it yet!"

Bessie made no reply for some time. A severe struggle was going on within her. At length she regained her self-control altogether, and turned her face around. Once more her brow was serene, and the old familiar stamp of her sweet smile was on her curved lips.

"Oh, yes, Gwynnie, darling," said Bessie; "it's the awfulest jolliest thing I ever heard of, so it is; and that dear, darling, old Kane, so splendid a man! really, he's just like Olympian Jove, entirely, so he is; and so he's Sir Kane, is he? and you're only Mr. Ruthven, and I'm not Lady Ruthven at all, but only plain Mrs. Ruthven. How very, very funny, is it not, Gwynnie, darling?"

Gwyn laughed aloud; not so much at the funny idea that Bessie had pointed out to him, but rather out of the joy of his heart over his brother's return.

"Oh, it is very, very funny, it is, entirely," said Bessie; "and so we'll have to quit Ruth-

ven Towers, and Sir Kane will remain in possession."

"Oh, yes," cried Gwyn, "he'll have to do it; of course, the dear old boy. He'll make no end of a row about it, you know; but he'll have to do it. Ha, ha! isn't it jolly? But we'll be close by one another always, that's one comfort."

"How is that, Gwynnie, darling?" asked Bessie, in her softest tone. "How can we always be close by one another if we have to leave Ruthven Towers? Sorrow a one of me knows at all, at all."

"Why, of course, you know, you little goose, we'll go and live at Mordaunt Manor."

"O Gwynnie!" exclaimed Bessie, fixing her eyes mournfully upon her husband, and speaking in tones of the utmost reproach—"O Gwynnie! Mordaunt Manor."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Gwyn, "my own little pet, I really forgot your—your dislike, and all that."

"And pup—pup—poor—did—did—did—dear pup—pup—pup—pa! scarce cold in his grave. How can I go back?" sobbed Bessie; "and you know how sad it was, and how hard it is to avoid giving way. O Gwynnie! how could I ever expect such a thing from you!"

At this Gwyn looked utterly shocked and distressed. He folded her in his arms—he swore and vowed that he did not mean what she supposed; that there was no necessity to leave Ruthven Towers yet, for a long time, and, even when they did, they need not go to Mordaunt Manor. They could live in London, Paris, anywhere, in a hundred other places. Bessie gradually allowed herself to become mollified, and at length seemed quite herself again.

"But won't it be awfully funny, Gwynnie dear?" she said. "I'll have to support you, won't I? Sure it's turn and turn about it'll be, so it will."

Gwyn laughed at this in his usual uproarious fashion.

"Sure," said Bessie, thoughtfully, "all this reminds me of a thing that I've sometimes thought of. It used to seem impossible, but now sure there's no knowing, and I don't know but that it'll be the next thing that'll happen, so it will; and, if so, then good-by, say I, not only to Ruthven Towers, but also to Mordaunt Manor."

At this Gwyn started and stared at Bessie in amazement.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Sure I mean what I say."

"How can we bid good-by to Mordaunt Manor?"

"Why, the same way that we're going to bid good-by to Ruthven Towers."

"Oh, nonsense! Why, my elder brother has come home. You haven't any elder brother, you know, you little goose."

"No, but what prevents me from having an elder sister?" said Bessie, looking earnestly at her husband.

"An elder sister!" cried Gwyn, in new amazement.

"Just that; it's that entirely what I mean, so it is," said Bessie, "and sorrow the thing else it is, at all at all; and there you have it. Oh, really, Gwynnie darling, you needn't be-

\* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



gin to smile. You've done enough laughing for to-day; and this'll help you to feel a little more serious, so it will. I suppose poor, dear papa could never have mentioned it to you," continued Bessie, with a sigh, "but, no wonder, when he was so very, very ill."

"Pon my life!" exclaimed Gwyn, "I haven't the faintest idea what you're driving at. You have to explain yourself more, Bessie dearest, only you mustn't make your poor little head ache about nothing."

"Oh, never mind my poor little head," said Bessie; "there's enough in this to make more heads ache than mine. Only I do wish poor, dear papa had explained it all to you. I hate so to make explanations. But there's no help for it. Well, you know, Gwynnie dearest, poor, dear papa had two daughters—one Clara and the other Inez."

"But Clara's dead," cried Gwyn.

Bessie shook her head.

"Nobody ever knew about her death, at any rate; she's dead in just the same way that your brother Kane was dead."

"What!" cried Gwyn—"what makes everybody say so, then? And your father, he gave her up as dead. I've heard him speak about the dear child that he had lost."

"Sure enough," said Bessie, "he did that same. This sister Clara disappeared when I was a bit of a child, and, of course, you know, Gwynnie, it certainly is possible, and perhaps even likely, that she is dead; but, at the same time, there is no certainty of that, at all at all, not the least in life. You see, she was sent off to a school in France, and while there she made a runaway match with some adventurer; and that's how it was. Well, there was a will, and there was a guardian, and the will arranged that, if ever either of the daughters married without the consent of the guardian, she could be disowned, or something. Well, poor papa was supposed to be dead, and poor, dear guardy didn't like the match, and so, I suppose, he treated them rather cruelly, for she disappeared, and was given out as dead, and that's all I know about it, you know. So, you know, I've often thought that poor, dear, darling Clara might yet be alive—and oh, how awfully glad I should be to see her!—and she may come and claim Mordaunt Hall, you know; and then, you see, Gwynnie darling, we'll be left to our own resources entirely."

"Oh, really now, Bessie, see here, now," said Gwyn, "this is all very different, you know—a different thing entirely. Oh, she's not alive—no—no—depend upon it, she's not alive—no, nothing of the kind—why, it's all nonsense, you know."

"But wouldn't it be awfully funny if she were to turn up, after all, alive and well, and come to take possession of Mordaunt Manor?"

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Gwyn. "Why, Bessie love, you haven't got a ghost of a foundation for all this."

"No, darling, nor had you any foundation more than this for your belief in the life of dear Kane, yet you always believed he would come—didn't you, darling?"

Gwyn was silent.

"And so, do you know, Gwynnie, I really have always had a firm belief that some day

my poor, dear, darling sister would turn up—and wouldn't that be funny?"

"Oh, but, you know, Bessie, you see this is a different sort of thing altogether. Oh, quite!"

"But isn't it awfully funny, now?"

"Oh, yes."

"And now, Gwynnie, I've got another thing to tell you, and it's very, very funny, too—sure and it's getting to be the funniest thing I ever knew—all this is—it is entirely."

"What do you mean now?" asked Gwyn, curiously, wondering what new revelation Bessie might make.

"Sure and it's this," said Bessie. "Your brother Kane was married, you know."

"Oh, yes; I know that, of course."

"Did you ever hear the name of the lady?"

"Never."

"Well, then, I'll tell you who she was, and you must be prepared for a surprise, so you must. The lady that your brother Kane Ruthven married was my own elder sister, Clara Mordaunt!"

At this Gwyn actually bounded from his chair.

"I don't believe it!" he cried.

"It's the truth I'm telling," said Bessie, placidly. "My dear guardy was hers also; it was Mr. Wyverne that you've heard me talk about, and he told me all about it. And oh, but the dear man had the sore heart afterward; really it was very, very sad, Gwynnie dear, to see how he tried to find poor, dear Clara, so as to make amends. He made that last journey to France for the purpose of making a final search."

Some more conversation followed about this. Gwyn had many inquiries to make about Mr. Wyverne and Clara before he could feel satisfied. But Bessie's answers were so clear that there was no room for doubt left in his mind.

"And so, Gwynnie dearest," said Bessie, laying her hand lovingly upon that of her husband, and bending her golden head near to his till her forehead rested on his shoulder, "you see, Clara was really dear Kane's wife, and I dare say she is still alive, and wouldn't it be funny if it should turn out that dear Kane had come here on her business as well as his own?"

Gwyn had begun to caress the lovely head that was leaning on his shoulder, but at this he stopped, and a sudden look of pain flashed across his face. But it passed away instantly.

"Pooh!" said he. "Kane hasn't any secrets from me. If his wife was living, he'd have told me."

"Oh, of course, but you see, dear, he's hardly had time yet. I dare say he'll tell you to-morrow, or next week. He'll break it very, very gradually, of course. Besides, he wouldn't like to mention it before me."

At this, the gloom came over Gwyn's face once more.

"By Jove! Bessie," said he, "you don't know what you're saying."

"I'm sure I don't know why this should not be so," said Bessie.

"Oh, nonsense! It makes him seem like—like—like an underhanded sort of a fellow."

"Well, I'm sure I didn't mean to hint at anything of that sort about dear Kane. It's your own fancy, Gwynnie dear."

Gwyn frowned, and sat in thought.

"Well, at any rate," said Bessie, "you can't deny that we're both likely to be paupers."

Gwyn drew a long breath, and was silent.

"By paupers I mean, of course, dependants on others, and that I hate, even when it's my own sister. If I were not married, it would be different, but a married woman ought to depend on her husband."

"Oh, nonsense, you little goose!" said Gwyn, hurriedly; "this is all nonsense; but, even if it were so, I can take care of you, you poor, little, precious darling."

"I'm sure I don't see how."

"Why, I'll—I'll—I'll go into the army, of course."

"I never could bear that, dear," said Bessie, with a shudder. "It's too—too dangerous. Besides, darling, do you think the pay of an officer is enough to support a wife? They say not."

"Oh, well," said Gwyn, in an attempt at his old cheerfulness, "I'm young. There's lots of young fellows that fight their way through life."

"Sure, and there are," said Bessie, pleasantly; "but you know, Gwynnie dear, you haven't been brought up to fight your own way—no more have I."

"Pon my soul, Bessie," said Gwyn, with a short laugh, "you're developing an amount of prudence that I never gave you credit for."

"Sure, and it's the bitter, black prospect before us that's enough to make a fool wise. I'll have to give up being a butterfly, Gwynnie darling, so I will, and turn into a busy bee. It's not prudence, so it isn't. It's fear, for I'm frightened out of my wits. And oh! don't—don't be so hasty, Gwynnie, don't give up all, don't, don't, darling, darling Gwynnie!"

With these words Bessie burst into tears, flung her arms about her husband, and sobbed upon his breast.

"Oh, come, now," said Gwyn, but he could say no more. He was troubled. Bessie held him thus, and entreated him as before.

"I must," said Gwyn, "my own darling. It's dishonor not to—"

"Oh, sure, and what's dishonor compared to black, biting poverty? Sorrow the bit do I care for dishonor, and there you have it."

At this, Gwyn shrank back a little. The hand which was fondling her and soothing her again, as before, ceased as if paralyzed. He looked at the golden head and the slender form.

"Well, Bessie," said he, at length, "a lady once told me, in confidence, that women never have any sense of true honor. I was horrified, at the time, at such a sentiment, from a lady too; but, after what you've just said, I'll be hanged if I don't begin to think there must be some truth in it."

"I don't care," said Bessie. "What's sentiment? What's honor? It's only you I care for in all the world, only you—only you—and this will bring darkness and sorrow

down on you, Gwynnie. O Gwynnie! O Gwynnie! darling, darling Gwynnie! what will become of you?"

At such fond words as these, Gwyn's heart overflowed with tenderness. The poor, little, weak, loving creature, thus clinging to him, with her timid, tender, loving heart, how could she be responsible for any sentiments that did not happen to come up to a man's code of honor? It was enough for him that she loved him so. He kissed her therefore tenderly, and soothed her fears.

"This man," said Bessie—"this man comes like a serpent, to ruin us."

"Oh, nonsense! nonsense! Bessie, darling, you mustn't talk so."

Bessie clung more closely to him.

"I wish he had never, never come!" she said, passionately.

"O Bessie!"

"I wish he had died when they thought he had."

"Darling, don't talk so, you don't know how you wring my heart."

"I don't care. I wish he was dead!" cried Bessie, fiercely and bitterly.

"Bessie," said Gwyn, "you must stop."

He spoke sternly. Bessie gave a sob, and clung more closely to him. Her arms were around him. He loved her better than life. He thought her not responsible for these passionate words, and, in the circling clasp of those loving arms, how could he feel anger?

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### REVIVING OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

HOWEVER excited Bessie's feelings may have been, they left no trace behind, for on the following day she greeted "dear brother Kane" with the same cordiality, the same innocent affection, and the same sisterly familiarity which had distinguished their adieux of the evening before. As for Gwyn, there was no change in him, except that he was, if possible, even more cordial than ever. Kane on his part was in no haste to put an end to the happiness which he felt at thus finding himself again the centre of affectionate attentions; he felt as though his business had something in it which would in some way interfere with the sunshine of the present, and therefore, was in no immediate haste to introduce it.

That day they passed in visiting the places within and without in which Kane took an interest.

When he was a boy, the Ruthvens had lived in London principally, and had come to this place but seldom. On one of these occasions, Kane had remained several weeks; and all his memories of Ruthven Towers were crowded into this space of time. He was then a boy of fourteen, active, eager, daring, and during this visit had made himself thoroughly familiar with all the past history of Ruthven Towers, with every legend connected with this place or with the surrounding country. He had never been here since, but so vivid was the impression which this visit had made upon his mind, and so retentive was his memory, that every thing almost that he saw

served to recall some incident in that bright time of boyish vigor and enjoyment.

To all the reminiscences of that bright past, Gwyn listened with his usual relish and absorbed interest, questioning his brother incessantly, and hanging upon his words with that fond admiration which ever since Kane's arrival had marked his attitude toward him. Kane found it pleasant to talk of this past—which lay beyond the time of his calamity; and all the more so, since he had such listeners. For he had not only Gwyn, but Bessie also; and she, too, showed something of the same feelings which Gwyn evinced—the same attitude of eager attention, the same look of intense interest, of utter and complete self-absorption in the narrative of the speaker. She had shown all this on the previous day; and now she showed it still more strongly.

In the morning they strolled about the grounds, and, after this, went out for a drive. Kane sat with Bessie in the back-seat, Gwyn in the front-seat. As they had found in the house and about the park many objects which called up old associations in Kane's mind, so did they also find, beyond the grounds, places that lived in his recollection, and which were associated with the events of that halcyon time when he made his boyish visit to Ruthven Towers.

Beyond the limits of the park the country became hilly, and among these eminences was one which was very conspicuous from the road as they drove along. It was a precipice about two hundred and fifty feet high, whose dark, rocky sides presented a gloomy contrast to the rich vegetation all around, and the waving trees and grassy slopes beyond this. The moment Kane caught sight of this he seemed unusually excited.

"There," said he, "is a place where I did one of the pluckiest things I ever did in my life."

"Oh, do, dear brother Kane, tell us all about it, if you please, brother Kane. I do so love to hear about these adventures of yours, so I do. Do, please—won't you, brother Kane?"

Kane looked with a smile at the beautiful face, whose eyes were fixed on his with an expression of the most anxious entreaty, and whose tone was one of the most coaxing and irresistible.

"Well, really, Bessie," said he, "it seems absurd for me to be talking so much about myself."

"Oh, but you know we do so love to hear all about what you used to be, and to do!—don't we, Gwynnie darling?—and we haven't seen you all these years—now, have we, Gwynnie darling?"

Gwyn lent his solicitations to those of Bessie, and Kane went on to tell about a boyish exploit, which was really very creditable.

"You still call that place the 'Witch's Rock'?" said Kane, inquiringly.

"Yes," said Gwyn.

"Well," said Kane, "when I was here, I no sooner heard that name than I was wild to visit it, and to hear the story, if there was any story, that was connected with so strange a name. It was some story about a witch that lived in a cave on the side of that cliff

ever so long ago, and kept the whole country at defiance, though they all turned out to hunt her. No one could get at her, though, and she remained there. How she lived, no one knew; but the legend had it that she never died, but was living there yet. Now, you see, that was just the thing to set me wild with curiosity. In the first place, the existence of a cave in the face of the cliff was a temptation in itself; and then, again, the idea that the witch might be living there yet was a still stronger one. I didn't believe in the witch, but I did believe in the cave, and, as no one had ever got into it, I thought I'd try for myself. Well, I got some ropes, and, without saying a word to any one, went to the place, and let myself down from the top. It was about the most risky thing I ever tried. The cave was sunk in, and it wasn't possible to get a foothold in it at all, without swinging backward and forward. However, I succeeded in the attempt, and actually penetrated into it. It was not much of a place. It was about ten feet wide inside, and twenty deep, and I dare say had often sheltered fugitives in the stormy times of the past. I cut my name there, and, I remember now, I forgot my knife, which is there yet, unless some one has visited the place and picked it up."

"By Jove!" said Gwyn, "I don't believe I should have the nerve for that sort of thing, old boy. I shouldn't mind so much lowering myself down, but it's the swinging part of the business that would upset me."

"Yes, that was the hardest part of it," said Kane.

"But, oh, how perfectly awful!" cried Bessie. "Why, it makes me positively dizzy even to think of it, so it does. And how you ever dared to do such a thing I can't imagine at all, at all.—Now, can you, Gwynnie dear?"

"I wonder whether I could do such a thing as that now?" said Kane, gazing thoughtfully at the precipice. The carriage had stopped. They all looked there.

"Why, what a perfectly horrible idea!" cried Bessie. "Why, I'm sure you'd be dashed to pieces, so you would."

"Oh, no," said Kane, with a smile, "there's no danger of that. The only question is, whether I could do the swinging part of it."

"Oh, how awfully funny!" said Bessie. "Sure but I almost wish you would, Kane dear."

"By Jove!" said Kane, "I feel very much like it. I'd like to try whether a man's nerves are as steady as those of a boy."

"And then there's your knife," said Bessie. "Oh, but wouldn't it be the fine thing entirely if you should get in there again, and find that nobody had ever been there since yourself, at all at all, and wouldn't you be the proud man!"

"The knife?" said Kane. "By Jove! wouldn't I like to get that knife again! The knife? why it would be like getting back part of my boyhood. I should take it as an omen, if I found it—an omen for good in the future—that things are going to turn out for me all right in the end."

"Sure but you never could get down there," said Bessie; "never at all at all. Oh, no, you wouldn't have the nerve now.

It's too terrible. Why, really it makes me quite dizzy to think of it.—Doesn't it make you dizzy, Gwynnie dear?"

"Dizzy? pooh!" said Kane, whose eyes were fixed upon the cliff, as if by some strong fascination. "Dizzy? why, no man that has a man's head on his shoulders need think any thing of that. I could easily go down and back again, but I might not be so agile as I then was, and might not be able to get a foothold."

"But, oh, what a triumph it would be! and, oh, but it's the proud man you'd be if you were to find the knife!"

"Look here, Bessie," said Gwyn, suddenly, "upon my word, this is hardly the thing, you know; you seem to be actually tempting Kane to a dangerous adventure, when you ought to be trying to prevent him."

"Me tempt him?" said Bessie, reproachfully. "Me? sure it's only encouraging him that I was, and I'm really frightened out of my wits at the very idea, and I'm sure I don't believe that he'd dare to do it, and that's the only comfort I have, so it is."

"Dare? That's the wrong word to use, Bessie. You'll only make Kane the more determined."

Kane laughed merrily. In his laugh there was a ring and a gusto that had not been known in any laugh of his for years. He was for the moment like a boy again. The prospect of renewing his old enterprise and repeating his boyish feat, of itself seemed to have rejuvenated him.

"Dare? ha, ha!" he said. "When a lady dares a man to do any thing, there's nothing left but to do it. But, at any rate, I feel confoundedly like going; and, by Jove! I will go."

Bessie smiled radiantly at him, and threw, immediately afterward, a deprecatory glance at Gwyn.

"Nonsense, Kane! don't think of such a thing; it's dangerous."

"Dangerous? pooh!" said Kane. "I tell you the sight of this rock has made me a boy again. I want to find my knife. Gwyn, my boy, you don't know how I cling to that glorious boyhood, and you'll never know till you've had a manhood like mine, and from that may Heaven preserve you!"

These last few words were spoken with sad and solemn intonations. These words Gwyn had occasion afterward to recall—afterward, when they seemed to him to have a prophetic meaning.

For the present, at any rate, Kane had made up his mind, and for the rest of the day was full of this new idea. His old grimness departed utterly, and a boyish enthusiasm about his coming attempt took the place of it. Gwyn made a few feeble attempts to dissuade him from it. He felt some strange, indefinable presentiments of evil, but did not know how to express these in words, and so his attempts to dissuade Kane were only laughed at. But Bessie cheered him on. Bessie talked about it incessantly. Bessie laughed about it, and made merry about it; and even if Kane had been inclined to give it up, he could scarcely have done so under such circumstances. But Kane was not inclined to give it up. The idea had taken

complete possession of him, and nothing now could have prevented his putting it into execution. He spent some time that day in making preparations for his adventure. These preparations were not at all elaborate. They consisted simply in procuring a rope of sufficient length and strength, and tying a series of alternate knots and loops. This was the mode which he had adopted when a boy, and its complete success at that time recommended it as the best thing which he could do now; besides, in this recent revival of boyish feeling, any thing that could connect him more closely with those early days was welcome, and nothing seemed pleasanter to him than to repeat, even to the minutest details, the plan which had formerly been so successful.

Another evening came—the second evening at Ruthven Towers for Kane. By this time he and Bessie were on terms that were most cordial, most fraternal, and most confidential. He had thus far refrained from mentioning the real object of his journey here, from the fear that the mention of this might mar the joy of this intercourse. Yet through this day he had thought much of this, and the more he thought of it the more absurd did such hesitation seem. Here was this noble-hearted brother and this gentle and loving wife—his brother and sister—why should he hesitate any longer to tell them what he wished to tell? Not the story of Clara—that was too sad, too tragic, too terrible, for such innocent ears as Bessie's to hear—but rather the story of Inez. Was not Bessie the friend of Inez? Did not Inez still love her and trust in her? Why delay to make known to the only friend that Inez had the terrible loneliness of her position? What could be better for the poor, lonely girl than to be able to join her friend once more? Once together, all could be explained; or even if any mystery remained they could wait, secure in one another's love, until light should be thrown upon it.

Kane's confidence in Bessie was complete. It had grown rapidly, but he had come to her as a brother, and she had met him as a sister. Under these circumstances there had been none of that reserve which otherwise might have existed.

Accordingly, that evening he told them about Inez. He told the story to both of them, for they were both one now, and he never dreamed of telling Bessie any thing which Gwyn might not also hear. It was his confidence in Bessie's gentle and noble character, her loyalty, and her innate worth, that led him to this. He did not tell, however, the whole story as Inez had told it to him. The perplexing mystery of her claim to be the daughter of Bernal Mordaunt, when Bessie had been acknowledged as that very daughter, prevented him from touching upon the subject, and from even mentioning the name. He merely mentioned that Inez had received a letter from one who professed to have been appointed by her father as her guardian; that Inez had believed the letter, and, with the utmost recklessness, had complied with his request to come to him at Paris. When there she had found out that this man was not what he professed to be,

and that, for some unknown reason, he wished to keep her in his power. She was subjected to restraint for a time, but managed finally to escape. She had written twice to Bessie, but had received no answer.

In this guarded way Kane told the story of Inez, and in this way he avoided altogether that painful and distressing confusion of names, claims, and rights, which the full statement of the truth would have brought forward. He did not mention even the name of Kevin Magrath for fear of distressing Bessie, but contented himself with the name of Gounod. It was enough for him just then to reveal the condition of Inez, and he was willing to leave all the rest to the future. He thought that the best thing for him to do would be to bring Inez and Bessie together on the old footing; and then Inez might tell, of her own accord, as much or as little as she chose about her story. He could not help feeling that much had yet to be discovered before the conflicting claims of these two, who were so innocent and so dear, could in any way be harmonized.

If there had remained in the mind of Kane any vestige of a doubt in Bessie, her reception of his story would have removed it.

Astonishment, grief, sympathy, joy, all seemed to struggle together in the expression of Bessie's face and in the tones of her voice. The start of horror at the wickedness of those who made this plot; the cry of fear at the danger of Inez; the exclamation of joy at her escape and safety; of all that in look, or word, or tone, or gesture, could indicate the deepest and sincerest sympathy, not one thing was wanting.

"Oh, but isn't this the blessed day," she exclaimed, at last; "and oh, but wasn't I the heart-broken girl! For, you see, Kane dear, it was the death of her poor papa—poor, dear, old Guard Wyverne, that upset her altogether. And not one word, good or bad, would she speak to me, and me fretting my heart out, and trying to get from her even a look. It's mad she was entirely. Insane, and out of her head, and no mistake. And me that used to lie awake all night long crying my eyes out about her. I was looking forward to her coming here with me to Mordaunt Manor, where she'd get over her grief. But never a word could I get from her. Oh, it's mad she was—mad, and nothing else, from grief and trouble. There's a vein of madness in the Wyverne family, Kane dear, and she's got a touch of the family complaint, and that's all about it, and there you have it. And that's how it was with poor, dear, old Guard Wyverne, that for the last two or three months of his life was positively out of his mind all the time. It was really awful. And only think, at the last, he really mistook poor, dear, darling Inez for me, and told her she wasn't his daughter, and that excited the poor darling so that her own mind gave way. Oh, I saw it. I often thought about that. But I thought the best way was to leave her alone, and not worry her, or bother her, and all that, and she'd soon come around. Oh, why couldn't she have been more frank with me? If she had only shown me that letter! And who is this Gounod? What an awful name! And only think of her running away on a



wild errand after a perfect stranger who writes her a crazy letter! Oh, sure but it's mad she was—poor, dear, darling, old Inez. Really it makes me shudder when I think of it. To run away so, you know. I was frightened out of my wits all the time, and I should have gone all the way there with her, but I went as far as Southampton, and my courage failed. She was so perfectly awful, you know, Kane dear; and do you know, Kane dear, she didn't speak a word all the way there, and seemed really angry that I'd come?

"And then, you know, Kane dear, I went back—and oh, but it was me that had the sore heart, and then I had to go to Mordaunt Manor at once, for they were doing something about poor, dear Guardy Wyverne's estate, and they said they'd have to shut up his house and sell every thing. So I had to come here to Mordaunt Manor, and then came poor, dear, darling papa—and oh, he was so very, very ill! and—and you know what happened."

Here Bessie's emotion made her break down; and, burying her face in her hands, she sobbed piteously. It was very sad, and Kane's eyes moistened as he saw the beautiful golden head bowed down, and the slender frame shaken by sobs. Gwyn, too, was overcome, and in his despair tried all the caresses of which he was capable to soothe Bessie's agitated feelings.

At length she revived and raised her head, but kept her eyes fixed mournfully on the floor.

"It's easy to see how her letters missed me," said she, sadly. "She had directed them to London, and they never reached me. I left no directions about forwarding letters, for I never expected to get any, and didn't give it a thought. Its heart-broke I was about dear, darling Inez, and I never thought of any thing. How could her letters ever get to me? And so there she was, and there she is now—and oh, my darling, darling Iny! my sweet, sweet sister! what a power of suffering you've had to bear!"

Kane's eyes now overflowed. He was a brave, strong, resolute man, but he was very tender-hearted, and the sight of Bessie's grief was too much. Gwyn, also, was overcome.

"And oh, Kane dear, why didn't you tell me last night? I'll go to her at once. We must all go."

At this Kane smiled. It was just what he most longed for.

"But I'll write her too," said Bessie, "first of all, in case of any delay on our part. I'll write her this night, for I can't leave at once, not for a day or two, and if she only gets a letter to know I'm coming, it'll cheer her a little, and she'll wait patiently, the poor, sweet darling! So you'll give me her address now, Kane dear."

As Bessie said this she drew a tablet from her pocket, and, taking out the pencil, handed it to Kane.

Kane took the pencil and tablet, and wrote the address of Inez.

Then they talked long and tenderly of their absent friend, and when at last the time came for Bessie to retire, she held her cheek for Kane to kiss, and said:

"Good-night, Kane dear, and pleasant dreams to you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE ESCURIAL.

ON the 3d of October last, the Escorial, the great monastery-church and palace of Spain, was struck by lightning during one of those severe storms which sometimes descend from the neighboring mountains and sweep the country for leagues with great fury, and the electric fluid, setting fire to the wood-work of the interior, produced a conflagration which greatly damaged the immense pile with its magazines of literature and art. The intelligence that most of the library, with its treasures of rare books and manuscripts, has been saved, will be hailed with delight by men of letters everywhere. The destruction of the records there collected, covering long centuries of Spanish history during the Moorish occupation of the Peninsula, and of that brilliant revival of power and magnificence in Northern Africa, attendant upon the propagation of the religion of Islam, but now almost utterly disappeared, might be considered a calamity to the entire civilized world.

The Escorial was commenced in 1563, by Philip II., in fulfilment of a vow which he had made to St. Lawrence at the siege of St. Quentin, where, having been compelled to bombard a church dedicated to that saint, he promised to build one much more magnificent and beautiful than the one destroyed, if victory were vouchsafed him. Philip kept his promise much better than many other royal personages, and the immense pile, twenty-five miles from Madrid, was the result. It was twenty-two years in building, and made such a heavy draught upon Philip's finances that his exchequer was almost bankrupt when the structure was completed. It is of gigantic proportions. The Spaniards are fond of calling it the eighth wonder of the world.

In the year 1862, I reached Madrid from the southern provinces, after an adventurous journey, and, having determined to rest there for a month, I set about sight-seeing in a leisurely sort of way. Thus it happened that a fortnight passed away before I was ready to "do" the Escorial.

It was a glorious morning in February that I left the city with a friend and a Spanish attendant, going to the northwest, which is the direction of the convent from the capital. We were splendidly mounted on large Andalusian horses, and galloped across the square opposite the Puerta del Sol just as the sun shone over the tops of the neighboring houses. The air was mild and invigorating, and we rode out into the country with a feeling of exhilaration which even made the dreary landscape beyond the city seem cheerful, bathed in the glorious effulgence of the morning sun. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the white waves and cupolas of Madrid seemed carved out of the deep-blue sky as we turned to look back at the city. The country through which our road lay is among the most desolate I ever saw, even in Spain. It is rocky and barren; serrated with ragged ravines, and almost destitute of any thing in the way of vegetation, and with enormous boulders sown thick over all the prospect. The ravines, dry in summer, were now occupied by streams, whose waters, gathered

from the hills and mountains, dashed into foam against the stone buttresses of the bridges over which we rode. There is hardly a habitation to be seen—none save a few miserable huts among the rocks. Some miles from Madrid, however, we came upon a populous gypsy camp, and, retaining a vivid recollection of the shabby manner in which I had been treated by some of the gypsies in Andalusia, where their thieving bands robbed me of my portmanteau and compelled me to spend a night in their cheerful society, I watched them with some interest.

Reaching the summit of a hill beyond, our attendant pointed out a large stone cross, and informed us that beneath it there slept a celebrated hermit, who had, for many years, occupied a sort of cavern in the rocks near by, and who was held in great reverence by the people of Madrid. The scene from this elevation was striking in the extreme. To the right, we looked down a long, broken ravine with great black crags, while beyond rose a snow-capped mountain-range, wonderfully clear and distinct in the pure atmosphere. Soon afterward we beheld, standing out from the gray background of mountains, the massive pile of the Escorial. The effect from a distance is grand and beautiful in the extreme. The towers, the spires, the balls, with which all elevations are terminated, might belong to some Oriental palace. This lightness and airiness, however, all disappear upon a nearer approach. Before reaching it, we passed through a grove of olive-trees, ornamented with stone crosses placed in various picturesque attitudes, and laid out into meandering walks, where the monks of the convent are in the habit of walking in converse or meditation.

Issuing from the woods, we entered the little village of Escorial, and found ourselves before the colossal structure, which is assuredly one of the most gigantic piles ever reared by man. It is the work of two architects, Juan Bautista and Herrera, and, as St. Lawrence is reported to have been martyred in the third century by being fried alive on a gridiron, the building is in the shape of that utensil. Four towers represent the feet, and these are connected by four masses of buildings, while other masses make the cross-bars. The palace and the church are in the handle.

The Doric style has been followed most religiously, and there is nothing but straight lines to weary the eye with their awful monotony. There is not a piece of moulding, a pilaster, or a column, throughout all the vast exterior.

It is built of a species of clay-colored stone called Berroqueña, much resembling granite, but not so hard. The main front of the building is six hundred and fifty feet, the sides five hundred feet, and the general height six stories, while the towers at the angles are about two hundred feet high. The church is built in the style of St. Peter's at Rome, with a cupola and two towers. The former attains the height of three hundred and thirty feet. About the main pile are a number of smaller buildings in the same style—that is to say, with straight lines and small windows. Of these latter, there are, in the exterior of the

Escorial, nearly twelve hundred, which alone will give the general reader some idea of its mammoth proportions.

The approaches are all paved with flagging, and the boundaries are marked with walls about three feet high, with large granite balls at all the corners.

We first entered a large court-yard opposite the portal of the church. Here we engaged a *cicerone*, and commenced our tour about the premises. We climbed up by winding stairs, made our way along narrow galleries, then up more stairs, until at last we reached the summit of the cupola, from which we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. It is extremely bleak and dreary. Some authorities tell us that the name Escorial is derived from the Arabic, and means "Place of Rocks." Nothing could be more appropriate. Nearness to an exhaustless supply of material seems to have been the only thing that determined the site of this massive structure.

Beneath us lay the ruinous little village, inhabited perhaps by two thousand souls, and, right before us, towering to a great height, we beheld the long range of the Sierra Guadarama, grim and forbidding. From our elevated position the gridiron plan of the building could be readily enough distinguished. But, over all, spite of the gorgeous sunlight that warmed the great pile that day, there hung the inexpressible heaviness of magnitude and monotony. Those who cling to the simple and severe in architecture must consider the Escorial a paragon of excellence.

The interior of the church is almost as severely symmetrical as the exterior. The roof is painted in fresco, in which there is an abundance of blue, which ill accords with the sombre style of the architecture. There are some kneeling statues, representing royal personages whose names I have forgotten, which are very fine, and some good paintings are calculated to beguile the visitor from feeling too acutely the barrenness of the decoration.

We paused to look at the place where for more than fourteen years grim old Philip II. sat at service. A door, cut through the paneling of the stall, still communicates with the interior of the palace.

The great altar-piece in the Capilla Mayor, ninety feet in height by fifty feet breadth, is composed of jasper, porphyry, and bronze gilded, while the eighteen pillars which adorn it, twenty feet in height, are of deep-red-and-green jasper, polished in the most beautiful manner.

The ceiling is covered with the frescos of Giordano, many of them very admirable. The amount of work accomplished by this artist is certainly wonderful. His masterpieces are here.

The sacristy is beautifully decorated, and there are some good pictures there—works of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Paul Veronese, etc. There was a still larger collection, but many of the best have been transferred to the Royal Museum at Madrid. Some of these works are beginning to show quite painfully the marks of age, but even our vulgar eyes could detect beauty and grandeur in color, outline, and posture.

We found several other visitors, evidently

artistically inclined, collected in the sacristy and looking at the pictures.

After wandering about the church for some time, we descended by steps of granite and colored marble into the Pantheon, which is the name applied to the mausoleum where the bodies of the kings of Spain are preserved. It is an octagonal vault, about fifty feet in diameter and nearly as high, and is directly under the high altar. When the priest says mass, his feet rest upon the stone which forms the key-stone of the arched roof. The Pantheon is lined with jasper, porphyry, and rich marbles, and contains the remains of eight kings and eight queens of Spain. It is an oppressive place. The air is cold and sepulchral. The gloomy vault, echoing to our voices and to the tread of our feet, the light of the torch flaming on the cold walls, the grim relics of dead royalty, all went to make up a picture not soon to be forgotten.

We gladly emerged into the light of day once more, and proceeded up the grand staircase, the ceiling of which was frescoed by Giordano, and represents, in allegory, the vow of Philip II. and the foundation of the convent. The vast extent of ceiling and wall furnished by the halls, cells, and chambers of the Escorial has furnished work for a great number of artists. Our necks were nearly disjoined by continually looking upward in efforts to make out the significance of some of this painting, which is in all imaginable styles.

We were next shown the library, passing in one of the corridors the marble Christ of that wonderful artist Benvenuto Cellini, which was originally executed for the Duke Cosmo of Italy, and by him presented to Philip. The library contains about twenty-five thousand printed volumes and four thousand manuscripts in Arabic, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The books are all placed with their backs to the wall and their edges to the spectator—a singular peculiarity of arrangement. They are mostly upon theology, history, and philosophy. Many of the manuscripts on vellum are very richly ornamented with illuminated margins and miniatures; most of the Arabic manuscripts are the works of learned Moors of Spain, and are historical, poetical, and scientific. Some few bibliographers and antiquarians have delved in this mine, but it has remained in great part unworked. There may be rich discoveries in store for future explorers.

The palace of the Escorial, which is next the church, would be considered elsewhere a splendid edifice, but here, overshadowed by the piles on either hand, it is little worthy of notice. The French, in the time of the first Napoleon, are said to have taken from it, and also from the church, much gold, and silver, and precious stones, but, on the whole, they seem to have treated the place with great forbearance.

The convent we found inhabited by about one hundred and fifty monks of the order of St. Jerome, who, in appearance, were not at all ascetic. After wandering through the gloomy halls and corridors, and looking into the chapel, we entered the conservatory and garden, remarkable for nothing but the stiff regularity in which every thing is kept, and,

having rewarded our *cicerone* with the usual *bakshish*, we left the place with many and varied emotions.

The mighty shadows of the grim mountains above it held the vast pile in their embrace as we turned our horses into the rocky path by which we came, and, when far away, and all was hid from view, we heard, faintly, the chimes of the vesper-bells calling to prayer.

LUCIUS MORSE.

## DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

### I.

HOW dreamily the shadows fall  
Across my chamber-floor!  
How lazily the sunbeams creep  
Within the open door!  
They mingle in delicious sport,  
Like loving waves at play,  
Or like the idle, floating clouds,  
At noon of summer-day.

### II.

The whispering breeze that steals adown  
The rugged mountain-side  
Scarcely stirs the ripple's gurgling foam  
That flecks the river wide;  
But all is calm, with naught to mark  
The drowsy, lapsing hours—  
The bee and butterfly asleep  
Within the hearts of flowers.

### III.

A silvery haze hangs o'er the earth,  
And through its gauzy sheen  
We look in vain for summer's garb,  
Or spring-tide's dewy green;  
Bright, gorgeous tints, like Tyrian dyes,  
Gleam on the ravished sight;  
I fancy an enchanted realm  
Revealed in mystic light.

### IV.

And now there falls upon my ear,  
From yonder distant grove,  
The ring-dove's tender, wooing call,  
In softest notes of love.  
My sated senses seem afloat  
Upon a waveless sea;  
For all around me, all above,  
Is beauteous harmony!

### V.

Drifting upon a winged boat,  
My soul, far outward, hies,  
Till round me bursts from harp unseen  
Music of paradise!  
And Nature's wondrous, witching spell  
Has to my spirit given,  
In strange communion, sweetly calm,  
Almost a glimpse of heaven!

SALLIE A. BROOK.

## WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, the eminent lawyer, orator, and statesman, who died at his residence, in Auburn, on Thursday, October 10th, was born in Florida, Orange County, New York, May 16, 1801. He was of Welsh descent on his father's side, and of Irish on his mother's. His grandfather, Colonel John Seward, was an officer of the Revolutionary Army, and his father, Samuel S. Seward, was a physician, who engaged in trade and amassed a fortune, and in his later years was for a long period first judge of the county. William, at a very early age, showed a strong taste for study, and, when nine years old, was sent to an academy at Goshen, where he was distinguished as a declaimer, debater, and essayist. At fifteen he entered Union College, Schenectady, where his favorite studies were rhetoric, moral philosophy, and the classics. In his senior year he spent six months as a teacher in Georgia, and formed impressions strongly unfavorable to slavery. He graduated with honor in 1820, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1822. He settled in Auburn in partnership with the Hon. Elijah Miller, whose daughter, Frances Adeline, he married in 1824.

As a lawyer, Mr. Seward soon became distinguished for eloquence and force of argument, and attained a large practice and a wide popularity. One of his biographers says: "During the whole course of his practice he has never been known to act for a man against a woman; and he was never but once engaged in a cause against the accused, and that was an instance of extreme outrage by a man upon a young woman." Among the conspicuous cases in which he was en-

gaged were those of Van Zandt, charged in Washington with aiding fugitive slaves; of William Freeman, a colored man, indicted for the murder of the Van Ness family; and of fifty persons indicted for conspiracy to destroy the property of the Michigan Central Railroad Company. In all these cases Mr. Seward displayed, as an advocate, powers of the highest order, and, in the case of Freeman, whom he defended on the ground of insanity, which was fully justified by the subsequent fate of the unhappy wretch, he mani-

nounced that opposition to slavery from which he never swerved until slavery was abolished by the proclamation to which his own signature was attached as Secretary of State under President Lincoln. In 1828 he was chosen president of a State convention, one of the largest ever held in New York, called in favor of the reelection of John Quincy Adams to the presidency. In the same year he was offered a nomination as member of Congress, which he declined. Two years later he was elected, by two thousand majority, a State

senator, the first civil office he ever held. He took a leading position in the Senate, at that time a very able body. He distinguished himself as the promoter of wise laws and necessary reforms; and, young as he was, at no period of his life were his public services more honorable or useful.

He was the champion of many beneficent measures — of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, of the establishment of the common-school system, of the amelioration of prison discipline, of a better penitentiary system for female convicts, and of several internal improvements. He sustained General Jackson in his defence of the Union against nullification, but vehemently opposed the removal of the deposits. He was an early friend

of the New York and Erie Railway, and he may be considered one of the chief promoters of our present efficient militia system.

In 1833 Mr. Seward visited Europe, and made a rapid tour of Great Britain and the Continent. On his return he published, in the *Albany Evening Journal*, a series of letters describing his travels, which added largely to his reputation as a writer and an acute and philosophical observer.

In 1834, although very youthful in years,



WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

gested, in the most striking manner, his characteristic qualities of humanity, tenderness, and moral courage.

Mr. Seward began his political life in 1824 by writing an address for the Republican, or, as it was soon after called, the Whig party, of Cayuga County, of which Auburn is the capital. The document was a strong attack upon the "Albany Regency," as the leaders of the Democratic party, then in power in the State of New York, were familiarly called. In the following year, in a Fourth-of-July oration at Auburn or Syracuse, he an-

and still  
nominat  
of govern  
cratic s  
ard wa  
his tick  
again  
election  
thousan  
1840, b  
third te  
As g  
in the m  
mercial  
perience  
of the S

party natur  
whose nece  
gravated te  
distress. H  
for place, w  
good-temper  
ing adroitne  
troubles, he  
higher dutie  
reform and  
fare which w  
the importan  
rected his a  
finances and  
public work  
the Erie Can  
education, th



and still more youthful in appearance, he was nominated by the Whigs for the high position of governor, then held by the eminent Democratic statesman William L. Marcy. Mr. Seward was defeated, though he ran ahead of his ticket in every county. In 1838 he was again a candidate, and, in a hotly-contested election, defeated Governor Marcy by ten thousand majority. He was reelected in 1840, but declined to be a candidate for a third term.

As governor Mr. Seward came into office in the midst of the greatest financial and commercial troubles that the country has ever experienced. He was the first Whig governor of the State, and the new and now triumphant

imposed upon foreigners, and the abolishment of imprisonment for debt. His efforts to secure the diffusion of common-school education among the children of all classes and creeds, especially those of foreign parentage in large cities, by a *pro-rata* distribution of the school-fund among all the schools, were strongly opposed, and led to a vehement controversy, which continued throughout his entire administration, and seriously impaired his popularity, without, however, shaking his firmness or impairing his confidence in the justice of his views, which were finally substantially adopted by the State. His efforts for the codification of the laws, and in behalf of "judicial reform," were also crowned

ish subject, charged with murder, as one of a party of Canadians who had cut out and burnt an American steamer during the Canadian rebellion of 1837. The British Government demanded his release, and the United States Government joined in the demand, but Governor Seward refused to surrender the man until a jury had acquitted him of the charge. His course on this occasion, though at first denounced as unreasonable and obstinate, was finally acknowledged to be sagacious as well as patriotic.

On retiring from the office of governor, Mr. Seward returned to the practice of the law, in which he added largely to his reputation for ability, and laid the foundations of an



MR. SEWARD'S RESIDENCE, AUBURN.

party naturally swarmed with office-seekers, whose necessities and importunities were aggravated tenfold by the prevailing pecuniary distress. He was beset on all sides by clamors for place, which he encountered with habitual good-temper, serene cheerfulness, and unflinching adroitness. But, amid all his partisan troubles, he applied himself diligently to his higher duties, and especially to the plans for reform and for the promotion of public welfare which were always in his mind. Among the important measures to which he early directed his attention, besides the relief of the finances and the vigorous prosecution of the public works, including the enlargement of the Erie Canal, were the extension of popular education, the removal of the legal disabilities

with success, and resulted in important modifications of the State Constitution. One of the most remarkable events of his administration was a controversy with the Governor of Virginia in regard to slavery and the rendition of fugitive slaves. The case arose on a requisition from Virginia for the return of two seamen charged with abducting slaves. In this correspondence Governor Seward maintained that no State could force a requisition upon another State when such requisition was founded on an act which was only criminal by its own legislation, and which, judged by general standards, was not only innocent, but humane and praiseworthy. Another event, which also strongly tested his firmness, was the arrest of McLeod, a Brit-

ish subject, charged with murder, as one of a party of Canadians who had cut out and burnt an American steamer during the Canadian rebellion of 1837. The British Government demanded his release, and the United States Government joined in the demand, but Governor Seward refused to surrender the man until a jury had acquitted him of the charge. His course on this occasion, though at first denounced as unreasonable and obstinate, was finally acknowledged to be sagacious as well as patriotic.

On retiring from the office of governor, Mr. Seward returned to the practice of the law, in which he added largely to his reputation for ability, and laid the foundations of an

ample fortune. In 1844 he gave a vigorous support, as a public speaker, to Henry Clay in the presidential contest, and, in 1848, to General Taylor. In 1849 he was elected United States Senator, in place of General John A. Dix. He was reelected in 1855, and remained in the Senate till March 4, 1861, when he became Secretary of State under President Lincoln. As a Senator, Mr. Seward was always in the first rank of his associates. He took, from the start, a decided position against slavery. He maintained that freedom was national and slavery sectional, and that "the purpose of the Federal Union was, to establish the blessing of justice and humanity, and not to enlarge the area of bondage and oppression." In the great debate of 1850, on

the admission of California, his speech was marked by an elevation of sentiment, and a philosophical breadth of view, that raised it immeasurably above all other utterances of the time. It was in this speech that he said: "It is true, indeed, that the national domain is ours. It is true it was acquired by the valor and by the wealth of the whole nation. But we hold, nevertheless, no arbitrary power over it. We hold no arbitrary power over any thing, whether acquired lawfully or seized by usurpation. The Constitution regulates our stewardship; the Constitution devotes the domain to union, to defence, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution, which regulates our authority over the national domain, and devotes it to the same high purposes. The Territory is a part, no inconsiderable part, of the common heritage of mankind, bestowed upon them by the Creator of the universe. We are his stewards, and must so discharge our trust as to secure in the highest attainable degree their happiness." The supremacy of the "higher law," or law of God, thus maintained by Mr. Seward—though a truth so palpable as to be a truism, familiar to philosophers and religious teachers in all ages, and in all countries of the world—was, in the then excited and debauched state of the public mind, denounced in the newspapers, and even in the Senate, as a most absurd and revolutionary heresy. Another memorable speech by Mr. Seward was made in Rochester, in 1858, during the recess of the Senate. In this he said, speaking of the constant collision between the systems of free and slave labor in the United States: "Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must, and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation." This proposition, though violently denounced at the time as untrue and even atrocious, was demonstrated to be literally correct by the events of the next six years.

While Mr. Seward was in the Senate, the Whig party was dissolved, and the Republican party formed by a combination of Free-soilers, antislavery Whigs, and Democrats, on the basis of opposition to the extension of slavery into the Territories. In 1856 this party nominated John C. Fremont for the presidency. Mr. Seward gave him a zealous and vigorous support. But Mr. Buchanan was elected. In 1860 Mr. Seward was a candidate for the nomination by the Republican National Convention, which met at Chicago. On the first ballot he received one hundred and seventy-three votes; Abraham Lincoln, the next highest competitor, one hundred and three—the number necessary for a choice being two hundred and thirty-three. On the final ballot Mr. Lincoln was nominated. Mr. Seward warmly supported his nomination in a series of very able speeches, chiefly in the Western States. The Republicans were successful, and Mr. Lincoln was elected. He offered the chief place in his cabinet to Mr. Seward, who, on March 4,

1861, entered upon the duties of Secretary of State, which he discharged for the next eight years.

In that position his eminent abilities had full scope, and were most signally displayed. He acquired great influence over Mr. Lincoln, to whom his literary skill, his political and historical learning, and his matured experience of men and affairs, were of inestimable advantage. His industry was immense, and his indefatigable pen poured forth an incessant stream of dispatches to all parts of the world—many of them masterpieces of diplomacy, and all of them prompted by the purest patriotism and by vigilant solicitude for the national welfare. He entered upon the office at a period of unparalleled difficulty and danger; and to his consummate wisdom, firmness, and adroitness, it is, no doubt, chiefly due that the republic was able to fight out her great internal struggle unmolested by any serious foreign interference. The great points of his diplomacy, during Mr. Lincoln's administration, were the giving up of the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, after their seizure by an American naval commander; the Alabama controversy; and the negotiations which finally compelled the French to evacuate Mexico. During Mr. Johnson's administration he maintained his influence with the president, but his most important measures were thwarted by Mr. Johnson's continual quarrel with Congress, in consequence of which Mr. Seward's treaties with Denmark for the annexation of her territory in the West Indies were set aside, and his negotiations for the acquisition of St. Domingo baffled. His patriotic passion for enlarging the national possessions, however, was gratified by the purchase of Alaska from Russia—an acquisition which we owe entirely to his decision and foresight, and the advantages of which are beginning to be appreciated, in spite of the cheap ridicule with which the purchase was at first greeted.

Our sketch of Mr. Seward's public career has already extended beyond the limits of the space we have to spare, and we can, therefore, only allude to the fact that, besides his visit to Europe in 1833, he made a second visit to the Old World in 1859, and extended his travels to Egypt and the Holy Land. He had a passion for seeing the world; and, after his retirement from office, he could not rest till he had beheld the wonders of the Pacific coast, and visited Alaska, Mexico, and the West Indies. Nor even after his return from this extensive and laborious trip was his appetite for travel abated. In 1870, on the verge of threescore and ten, and with his natural force abated by sickness, suffering, and excessive mental toil, he set out on a journey round the world, crossing the continent to San Francisco, the Pacific to Japan, and thence by the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic Ocean, home. During this vast tour, in spite of his age and his infirmities, he saw all that was to be seen. He interviewed the mikado in his mysterious palace, now for the first time opened to a stranger; and his were the first Christian eyes that ever beheld unveiled the face of that sacred potentate, whose ancestors, secluded from profane gaze, have ruled Japan

for more than two thousand years, by right of their supposed descent from Deity. He visited Peking, and saw all the wonders of the Celestial capital. He traversed India, and was received there, as in Japan and China, with the highest distinction, and with all the pomp that native princes or English viceroys could display. Everywhere, in fact, throughout his travels he was greeted as an illustrious statesman, whose name and whose fame had penetrated to all the courts of earth, and whose signature had long been familiar to foreign powers in connection with the documents which expressed the policy, attested the edicts, or accredited the representatives of the great republic. The narrative of his travels is now in press, and will soon be published. It exhibits, in strong light, the amiable and admirable traits of its great author—his cheerfulness, his buoyancy, his kindly and affectionate nature, his keen observation, his philosophic thought, and his vast and varied experience of men and of nations.

This work, and his autobiography, which will also soon be published, occupied Mr. Seward from the time of his return home almost to the very hour of his death. He labored upon it, with his customary industry, several hours a day, until the manuscript was completed; and, before he died, he had read and revised a large portion of the proof-sheets. On the afternoon of the day before his death he spent several hours in its revision.

The portrait of Mr. Seward, which accompanies this article, was taken several years ago, and was then very like him. Dr. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, described him thus in 1861: "Mr. Seward is a slight, middle-sized man, of feeble build, with the stoop contracted from sedentary habits and application to the desk, and has a peculiar attitude when seated which immediately attracts attention. A well-formed and large head is placed on a long, slender neck, and projects over the chest in an argumentative kind of way, as if the keen eyes were seeking for an adversary; the mouth is remarkably flexible, large but well formed, the nose prominent and aquiline, the eyes secret but penetrating, and lively with humor of some kind twinkling about them; the brow bold and broad, but not remarkably elevated; the white hair silvery and fine." A few years later his appearance was changed considerably by injuries sustained by being thrown from a wagon and breaking his jaw, in April, 1865, and still more by the severe stabs inflicted by the assassin Payne, who assailed him in his sick-bed on the night when President Lincoln was shot, and made a desperate and almost successful effort to cut his throat. The scars of this savage assault were ever afterward very prominent on Mr. Seward's face.

Our opinion of Mr. Seward's character has been briefly indicated, here and there, in the foregoing sketch of his life. He was unquestionably a man of the highest order of talent—one of the ablest men this country has produced. In this land of great lawyers he ranked among the foremost as an advocate, though he gave comparatively little time to his profession, and

was the  
the  
ble  
taged  
saw  
never  
on h  
guage  
though  
be lon  
of An  
was e  
seeing  
measu  
the pe  
formid  
day in  
wealth  
States.  
He gru  
most v  
His pol  
close of  
of freed  
vocate  
and sol  
refined  
icy final  
is due, w  
age, his  
talents, t  
In hi  
larly kin  
relations  
taint. H  
bor, and  
great citi  
residence  
bowed i  
and honor  
death fell  
fond and s  
ual man a  
father.

TW

DURING  
ian op  
ceptions of  
presented.  
with laudat  
journals, an  
little short  
purity, the  
sweetness of  
selle Nilsson  
fervor throw  
Luca, have  
ly that an  
tally at a loss  
merits of eit  
from the critic  
Indeed, a deci  
as to whether  
was the innoc  
ance, thought  
affection befo  
duper; or the  
like in her fi  
first time pou  
to the arms of  
earthly, passio

was engrossed by politics during nearly all the maturity of his powers. He was a forcible speaker, and, though without the advantages of voice and presence, which are necessary to the full development of the orator, never failed to make a profound impression on his audience by the aptness of his language, and the depth and sincerity of his thought. Some of his public addresses will be long regarded as among the best specimens of American eloquence. As a statesman, he was earnest, patriotic, high-minded, and far-seeing, and the policy he advocated and the measures he proposed have been accepted by the people, in spite of the fiercest and most formidable opposition, and are embodied today in the statutes of his native Commonwealth and in the Constitution of the United States. Nor were they ever petty measures. He grappled always with the greatest, the most vital, the most transcendent questions. His policy always, from the beginning to the close of his career, was the policy of justice, of freedom, of humanity. And he always advocated it by lofty arguments, and by noble and solemn appeals to the highest and most refined feelings of the people. That that policy finally triumphed in our State and nation is due, we think, more to his undaunted courage, his unswerving energy, and his splendid talents, than to any other man living or dead.

In his disposition Mr. Seward was singularly kindly, amiable, and generous. In all the relations of life his reputation was without taint. He was a good husband, a good neighbor, and a good friend, as well as a good and great citizen. In Auburn, the city of his residence, where he lived so long in his embowered home, he was universally beloved and honored, and the announcement of his death fell upon the hearts of the people, so fond and so proud of him, as if each individual man and woman had lost his or her own father.

## TWO MARGUERITES.

DURING two successive seasons of Italian opera in this city, two different conceptions of the Gretchen of Goethe have been presented. Both have been overwhelmed with laudations from the critics of the daily journals, and both, we have been told, fall little short of absolute perfection. The icy purity, the almost superhuman delicacy and sweetness of the impersonation of Mademoiselle Nilsson, and the passionate abandon and fervor thrown into the character by Madame Lucca, have alike been dwelt upon so strongly that an unprejudiced reader would be totally at a loss to draw a just conclusion of the merits of either as compared to the other from the critiques thus far given to the public. Indeed, a decided doubt would be engendered as to whether the Marguerite of the romance was the innocent maiden, saintly in appearance, thought, and deed, yielding her pure affection before the wiles of the crafty seducer; or the simple, unreasoning girl, child-like in her faith in the vows of love for the first time poured into her ears, and falling into the arms of Faust from the impulse of the earthly, passionate nature of the woman, called

into a new existence through a feminine appreciation of flattery and admiration from one whom she regards as a superior order of being.

The character of Gretchen, as drawn by the master-hand of the great German, is, of course, susceptible to different interpretations; and, though doubtless all will accord as to the proper rendition of its salient points, few will agree, in thought, as to the more subtle delineations incident to the gradual unfolding of the change from the guileless maiden to the crushed and deserted woman. The part is one that calls into exercise the powers of the actress in the highest degree, and at the same time demands from the thoughtful spectator his best faculties of discernment and appreciation.

It is, indeed, strange that a *role* requiring such a consummate rendition should be comparatively confined to the operatic stage, where it is necessarily represented without many of the accessories of the theatre, and is generally compelled to rely for support upon mere singing automata, who deliver the most impassioned language with the most provoking tranquillity. But the fact of such being the case only throws into broader relief the excellences of performances which, as laboring under such disadvantages, may be fairly considered phenomenal.

It is not difficult to draw a personal contrast between Nilsson and Lucca: the one, blond, stately, fair, majestic in bearing and figure, with those cold, steel-blue eyes which are wonderful at times in their expressiveness; the other, a *brune*, petite, perhaps we may add, though the word sounds incongruous when applied to a reigning *diva*, stout, with a presence which, though not naturally imposing, becomes almost grand during the delivery of the passionate music of the part. Of the two voices, though we step perhaps a little in advance of our subject in drawing the comparison, that of Lucca has by far the most power, though it seems to us to lack that pure, sympathetic quality which forms the chief beauty of Nilsson's notes. Rich, clear, true, and of wonderful compass, are terms which may be unhesitatingly applied; and yet, though such adjectives almost imply perfection, we miss those peculiar plaintive minor shades, so to speak, of tone which made Nilsson's rendition of the music of "Faust," and more especially of the mad scenes in "Lucia" and "Ophelia" so inexpressibly touching.

As we intimated in the beginning, the Marguerite of Lucca, as compared with that of Nilsson, is a totally different conception. The lithe, willowy figure, robed in pure, unrelieved white, with rich, blond hair falling in massive braids, its eyes fixed on the ground as it half glides, half walks across the marketplace, is familiar to us all. We see the tender address of Faust listened to without a movement of the head as of hearing, and without a glance of the calm, veiled eyes toward the speaker; and then the answer is slowly given, coldly unmodulated, and finally the exit is made as softly and quietly as the entrance. All this accords with the being heretofore unvisited by earthly passions as represented by the Swedish *artiste*. But how different is the same scene as depicted by

Lucca! Accosted by Faust, she turns and listens; she hears his flattering speech as if she weighed every word. Her response is emphatic; she understands the compliment, and she ends her reply with a frigid little courtesy, as if to reprove him for the liberty he had taken. Here we are given a key to the entire ideal. Marguerite is at once placed before us, not as a being moving in the "odor of sanctity," but as a woman with sufficient innate feminine modesty to resent the addresses of a stranger. We look, therefore, not for a lofty, platonic attachment, but for the clinging, unquestioning love of a true woman, and such, in the end, do we find represented.

But to continue our comparison. Marguerite is next seen seated at her spinning-wheel in her own humble little garden. She begins, as we all remember, the song of the "King of Thule," singing it almost unwittingly, for her thoughts are not in the words, nor yet in the work before her. Lucca represents the speech of Faust as running in her mind, but not as producing such an effect as Nilsson would have us believe. The sad melody is sung quicker and with more animation, while the few words of interjectional recitative are delivered more as if an idea were but faintly shadowed, not as if an affection had already taken root. Then follows the discovery of the jewels, the tossing aside of Siebel's modest bouquet, her self-adornment with the glittering trinkets, and then that thrilling outburst of melody that begins the delicious *air des bijoux*. The same points of difference before alluded to as existing between the two *artistes*, are again apparent, though Nilsson here parts with much of her saintly demeanor. Lucca's by-play before the glass, the excited movements of her features, and the delighted air with which she surveys the effect of the ornaments, is superb, throwing the corresponding acting of Nilsson into comparative quietness.

Now follows the entrance of Faust and Mephisto—the play progresses until we see Marguerite on the steps of her dwelling anxious to enter, though allowing herself to be detained by Faust. Lucca's impersonation at this point is worthy of the closest attention. Her hand is on the latch, her lover clings to the other, pleading for her to linger. First resolved to leave him, she gradually yields, and then, as she finishes the last strains of the exquisite duet, sinks slowly into his arms. This scene, so far as similar action is concerned, is materially altered by Nilsson. The flower-test follows, then the low-breathed question and reply, "*sempre amar*;" and then succeeds the duet with Faust, replete with passionate fervor. Nilsson, though ardent, betrays her affection to Faust as if she were bending down to him. Lucca, on the other hand, seems to wonder why Faust should love her—she considers him far her superior, and strives to impress upon him her poor and lowly estate; but then, when he repeats his vows, she clings to him with a fondness that is pure adoration.

We leave the garden-scene, for, during its remainder, the points of diversity between the two *prima donnas* do not again appear in so strong contrast. Marguerite does not re-enter on the stage until after the wounding of Valentine in the duel with Faust. Nils-



son's rendition of the following scene, replete as it was with tragic force, is not likely to be soon forgotten. Her breathless bursting through the crowd to reach the side of her brother; her dull, mute despair at the unlooked-for curse of the dying man; her agonized denial of the vile names he heaps upon her; her crouching in the dust, white and calm, as if half stunned, and only partly comprehending what was passing around her; and, finally, her pushing of Siebel's proffered arm to one side, and, with eyes dilated with horror, mechanically following the corpse as it is removed—all constitute a piece of acting superb in its fidelity to Nature.

Lucca enters the scene, tranquilly resting on the shoulder of Siebel. The fact that the wounded man is her brother she discovers suddenly, and she flies to his assistance. Then, during the curse, she kneels, begs, prays—every thing—for forgiveness. Her acting is deeply pathetic, but it gives no such impression of horror as is conveyed by that of Nilsson—nor does her slow exit, leaning as before upon Siebel, seem to be in accordance with her previous state of extreme mental agony.

Within the chapel, in spite of the flats of the majority of critics to the contrary, in our humble opinion, the acting of Nilsson is again superior. Lucca kneels or rather crouches on the outskirts of the crowd, prayer-book in hand. To her rendition of the music, the harmony indicating intense grief and despair, we can take no exception, but we may venture to suggest that the rapid fluttering of the leaves of the missal, without a single glance at its contents, and the too constant use of a handkerchief to remove tears, might be toned down more in accordance with reality. In a word, so far from this portion of Lucca's characterization being the strongest, we consider it the weakest, simply because it is overdone. Nilsson, in the same scene, rose to sublimity, and her acting, during the mockery of Mephisto, was painfully faithful.

The interview in Marguerite's cell, ending with her death, closes the opera. In the beginning of this act Nilsson again shows the greater artist. The detached bits of melody, crooned by the crazed girl, are given in a weird manner, exquisite in its depth of pathos. But then comes the magnificent outburst of prayer, and here Lucca more than eclipses her rival. Her utter *abandon*, her fervid pouring forth of the grand music in the full strength of her thrilling voice, fittingly concludes an impersonation which, though not without its faults, bears evidence of transcendent genius.

Even a closer analysis than that which we have endeavored to give will, we think, fail to determine of which of these two great singers the conception of the part of Gretchen is the most true to life. There is but one distinction to be made: the spiritual against the earthly; the innocence of an existence all but angelic against the simplicity of a pure but human woman. The question is a difficult one to decide, as it appeals not to general opinion but to individual taste. In giving us a strange, weird interpretation of the fancy of a great poet, in affording us an impersona-

tion which touches most strongly the æsthetic in our nature, Nilsson undoubtedly succeeds; on the other hand, for a Marguerite such as we might meet in our daily walks of life, for a truthful representation of a character inspired with but one thought, and that true, hearty, womanly love, to Lucca should be awarded our largest meed of praise.

PARK BENJAMIN.

## REMINISCENCE OF FORESTI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

**A**MONG the persons of interest, whom I met in New-York City early in 1845, was Mr. FELICE E. FORESTI, the Italian patriot. His liberal political principles, the great sufferings he had endured, and his unblemished moral character, made him a favorite in society. At that time everybody had read "My Prisons," by Silvio Pellico, and Foresti was intimately associated with that most lovely character, whose indomitable struggles to maintain the serenity of his soul, and the integrity of his intellect, under an imprisonment that might have been fatal to a less determined mind, invested his companions in suffering with a tender interest. Maroncelli, with his pale, noble brow, limping upon his crutch, and toiling for his bread in life-long exile, was less frequently seen in the social circle than Foresti, who was of a more robust constitution, and without any family ties, whereas Maroncelli was attended by his mother in his exile.

When I first saw Foresti he was very bald, and his hair nearly white. Twelve years of imprisonment had left their sad record upon him, in the shape of deep horizontal lines across his brow, and a touching sadness in the expression of his face. At first sight I thought him a very old man, though his age was only about fifty years at the time, but, as I saw more of him, he impressed me as being an overgrown boy. Warm, impulsive, simple-hearted, he never cared, or it may be, was unable to adjust himself to conventional rules, and hence he moved and talked just in his own way, which was often awkward, but always pleasant and interesting. He was not a man of genius, as was his friend and companion-in-arms, Silvio Pellico, but, enthusiastic and sensitive, he probably suffered more from this very absence of resource.

Twenty years ago literary people had cultivated the art of conversation, and were not ashamed to give noble expression to noble thoughts, and were gratified when surrounded with a group of good listeners. If this be called vanity, it was of a very harmless kind.

One evening at a party at Miss Lynch's (now Madame Botta), Foresti, Charles F. Hoffman, and Henry T. Tuckerman, were engaged in an animated conversation together, to which I was a silent listener. Tuckerman, as well as N. P. Willis, had both spent many years in Italy, and were enthusiasts in Italian scenery, and glowing skies, and impulsive men and women. I own I do not greatly admire the latter quality, having seen it in dangerous and disagreeable combinations. The three talkers were all large men, six feet in

height, but very unlike in the qualities of their minds. Foresti said:

"Italy sleeps, bound by triple cords—Austrian rule, the despotism of the Church, and her own fickleness—but her sons are learning the secret of her bondage, and she will at length awake."

"I think the devotion of Italians to art is an obstacle to political power," rejoined Tuckerman; "and then the seductiveness of the climate induces a tendency to inertness and reverie."

"And yet," replied Hoffman, "it nurtured the old Romans. I think there is a latent force, a smouldering fire, that must eventually break forth, and disenthral her posterity."

Foresti's eye flashed at this hopeful prediction—the three were standing. Suddenly Foresti spread out his arms and clasped the speaker to his breast, exclaiming, "My friend, my brother!"

This sounds simple enough in the relation, but I thought it quite touching at the time. As the rooms filled with guests, Foresti seated himself by me, and talked in his peculiar, almost boyish way.

"Madam, you have an Italian eye—you ought to go to Italy. It is the place for women of genius" (subsequently Margaret Fuller achieved her destiny there). "There a fine eye makes a fine woman, and they never ask how old you are." I laughed, and he went on, laughing with a sort of boyish glee:

"Here, in this country, girls only are admired—mere girls, without originality, without character. In Italy genius is adored. You are indifferent—you talk just as your thoughts flow. Have you no one wish to impart to the world?"

"Ah! Mr. Foresti, we create what we desire. There is nothing desirable but friendship."

"Friendship! friendship! why, women are incapable of friendship! If they win it, very soon it is love, and very few women have either love or friendship for each other!"

I glanced at Catharine Sedgwick, so much esteemed by all, and particularly by Mr. Foresti. "Surely it is friendship you entertain for her?"

"No no, madam; I love her—as a son would love a mother, or a brother an older sister—a kind of family love."

I smiled at the nice distinction, and saw it must be so, for Miss Sedgwick had been a benefactor to him. Foresti continued:

"Look at all these handsome women here—women of genius! Hear them talk of friendship! They risk love, and would inspire it. There is no such thing as friendship between men and women!"

I differed from him, and said so; and he, in his great, earnest way, persisted, and I began to talk of Italy. "Have you ever been home since your exile?" I asked. He leaned over with his cheek upon his hand, and, placing his elbow upon his knee, replied:

"I am glad you have asked me. Let me tell you something of my history, which else may never be known. It sometimes does us good to let the heart bleed. After the last fatal conflict, I was taken prisoner, like so many others. I was then but little older than that beautiful boy of yours, who is talk-

ing with  
a lover  
tle-field  
ture of  
yond  
all my  
good sh  
dashed  
"I h  
gave m  
the sad  
to death  
were con  
the fatal  
all hung  
looking  
told, as  
an office  
commute  
length w  
Are you  
he asked  
"Oh,  
"Aft  
the choic  
to our e  
Maroncel  
bad air  
as well as  
Europe w  
here. Sil  
family cla  
"And  
her again  
"I wil  
lance of  
received li  
kindred th  
learned th  
signal of d  
veil over b  
ing she w  
at length  
such a lon  
die! It co  
myself as  
the home o  
all the wor  
people han  
and are no  
from the in  
recite verse  
care, they d  
the place in  
my sister a  
children. A  
dressed in  
asked some  
my sister.  
"Bring  
something t  
knew each  
no sign of it  
"That n  
came to th  
to be taken  
I were both  
"I remi  
premises, kn  
alty of dete  
of my betro  
to carry in  
had so long  
married. Th

ing with Alberoni, but, young as I was, I was a lover, and wore my lady's badge to the battle-field. In my bosom I carried the miniature of my betrothed wife. She was wise beyond her years, brave, pious, sympathetic in all my hopes for our country. How pure, how good she was!" His voice faltered, and he dashed a tear from his eyes.

"I had a sister also, a noble woman, who gave me her entire sympathy. You know the sad story of our defeat. Some were put to death. Silvio Pellico, Maroncelli, and I, were condemned to die together. We mounted the fatal steps, and stood upon the scaffold, all hung with black, and a thousand sad eyes looking upward to see us die. The great bell tolled, and this was the signal of death. Then an officer appeared, and our sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and we at length were lodged in the prison of Spielberg. Are you tired? do you wish me to go on?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, yes, if you will."

"After twelve years, twelve long years, the choice was given us to be forever limited to our estates, or go into perpetual exile. Maroncelli, as you see, had lost a leg by the bad air and bad diet of the prison, and he as well as I longed for unlimited freedom—Europe was too small for us, and we came here. Silvio Pellico, an author, and having family claims, remained a prisoner in Italy."

"And your betrothed—did you never see her again?"

"I will tell you. Such had been the vigilance of our keepers in prison, that we had received little intelligence of our friends and kindred through those long years. I had learned that when the great bell tolled the signal of death, my sister had thrown a black veil over her head, and this badge of mourning she wore till her death. I was seized at length with a dreadful homesickness—oh, such a longing for home that I must see it or die! It could not be resisted, and I disguised myself as a beggar and found my way back to the home of my childhood. I wanted to know all the worst. In our country, the common people hang about the gates of old houses, and are not ashamed to take what they need from the inmates, and they sleep, or sing, or recite verses, and nobody cares, or, if they do care, they drive them away. I loitered round the place in this way, and sang a song which my sister and I used to sing when we were children. After a while a tall, thin woman, dressed in deep mourning, came out and asked some question of the porter. It was my sister.

"Bring this poor man in, and give him something to eat, he looks ill," she said. We knew each other upon the instant, but gave no sign of it.

"That night, when all was still, my sister came to the shed where she had ordered me to be taken and cared for." Here Foresti and I were both weeping.

"I remained several weeks about the premises, knowing death would be the penalty of detection. I now learned the fate of my betrothed, and knew I had no right to carry in my bosom the miniature which had so long been my companion. She was married. That was a sad journey I took to

take one last look of her, and then leave my country forever.

"I saw her seated in the garden, with her babe in her arms. I stood for long, looking at her pale, still face, and—yes, I wept a great deal. Then I persuaded a boy to carry my little package to her where she sat under the vines—the miniature and a lock of golden hair, for she was a blonde, which is a rare type of beauty in Italy.

"I waited to see it placed in her hands; she looked surprised, held the parcel for some time, and seemed uncertain what to do with it. At last she cut the string that bound it. She gazed upon the contents, and turned quite pale. Suddenly she went in; and, as she passed, her robe touched me. I did not speak. I had done what a man of honor should do. I never saw her again."

"How could she have been willing to marry?" I exclaimed.

"An Italian girl is trained to obedience," he replied. "She is passionate, but submissive. Priest and parent hold her in check till she is married, and then her husband. Thus she is bound by a kind of triple bondage—parental, church, and conjugal authority. I confess, madam, I think the American girl has too much freedom."

And thus ended this sorrowful history, which I at the time recorded in my journal.

For many years Foresti was a teacher of the Italian language in New York. Subsequent to the time of which I speak above, he joined the patriots of 1848; upon the failure of that revolutionary movement, he returned again to the United States. Having become a naturalized citizen of this country, he was appointed consul to Genoa, at which place he died, in 1859, I think. Few men have enjoyed a larger share of public esteem than this large-souled exile to our shores. Though he failed to see the enfranchisement of Italy, and though her *status* is inferior to the full cup of freedom which he longed to see her obtain, it is a pleasant thing to know that time at length will bring about all that the best wishers of our humanity have toiled and bled to obtain. No aspiration is lost, no noble impulse heaved in vain, but, in good time, the ideal will be the real, the hope fruition.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

## IN A LAW-OFFICE.

AUGUST.

I.

THE avenue's deserted—Broadway has not a shopper;

The counter-jumper finds his time hang heavy on his hands;

For to be in town in August is not considered proper,

And the girls are hunting husbands at the springs, or on the sands.

II.

Amusements are not plenty—the blondes, with songs and dances,

Brave the mercury at ninety-five, in Wal-lack's little den

(The blondes, with golden tresses, and rather brazen glances);  
And Thomas plays his symphonies to crowds of thirsty men.

III.

I sit among my law-books, with neither vest nor coat on,  
And feebly wish that I was *there*—I cannot wish her here;  
And then I rise and dip my head in more than tepid Croton,  
And wander into Rudolph's, and drink a stein of beer.

IV.

For she is up at Newport, with those three pretty cousins,  
And she is flirting with the yachtsmen, who have nothing else to do;  
And betting on the races—winning hearts and gloves by dozens—  
And I must go to chambers, to get this motion through.

OCTOBER.

I.

The air is cool and bracing, the sky is rather bluer  
Than I was, when in August, I thus bemoaned my lot;  
Again the charmers show themselves along the avenue, or  
Search for shades of double zephyr, that the shopman hasn't got.

II.

Again are swells most awful adorning the club-windows,  
Or, near the chimes of Trinity, are cornering in stocks;  
Or guiding lofty dog-carts, or with fair ones in landaus,  
Are driving Jerome Park-ward, to bet among the "jocks."

III.

There is Rubinstein, and Mario, and Lucca, most delightful;  
Half a hundred shows of divers sorts to choose from every night;  
And there's plenty to amuse one in the blood-thirsty and frightful  
Way the editors are managing the presidential fight.

IV.

Still I sit among my law-books, over head and ears in paper;  
But you'll be surprised perhaps to learn that she is not in town;  
No—I am safe at present from a matrimonial scrape—for  
Yesterday she sailed for Europe—married—happy man named Brown.

## TABLE-TALK.

MOST of us know full well from experience how few superior servants come to this country, notwithstanding the extraordinary inducements held out to them in the way of remuneration; and it has been suggested that a female "servants' home," under the superintendence of ladies of position in New York, to afford a temporary shelter to servants selected by ladies on the other side, would tend to induce a better class to come. The revelations since made as to steerage passages, by our contemporaries in London and New York, surely help us considerably to understand why emigration to this country should not be largely sought by that class of domestics which we should wish to have in our houses, more especially to place in charge of our children. Imagine the feelings of a decent, well-brought-up farmer's daughter, who has lived a couple of years in a clergyman's family, at finding herself among "the ruck" of the steerage-passengers in an ocean-steamer, compelled to hear the most beastly language, exposed to the most offensive "chaff," if not absolutely to insult, and then reduced, on landing at Castle Garden, to making her choice of residence among the villainous, plundering, *soi-disant* boarding-house keepers, who "tout" around that centre of rapacious roguery! Why, the respectable poor would rather a thousand times that their children should remain at forty dollars a year in the old country, than run the gantlet of such an experience as we have described for five times that sum. Our lady-readers may rest assured that these are essentially the causes which operate against their being able to obtain, at labor-agencies and other such places, the sort of *artiste* they desire. The only wonder is, when we take into consideration what servants have to undergo to get here, that they are as respectable as we find them. The whole subject is one which needs extensive and thorough organization. There should be a society formed here, in communication with one on the other side, for the selection of deserving girls—they should proceed to this country under the charge of a competent person, after due provision for their comfort on the voyage, and should be received here in an establishment provided for them, where they would receive every assistance in obtaining suitable situations. Such a machinery would, if well tended, assuredly bear good fruit, and prove a boon to us as to them. No reasonable person can expect that, as matters stand at present, respectable women-servants should feel disposed to adventure alone across the Atlantic in quest of employment. A natural result is, that a very large proportion of those who do come, professing any knowledge of their craft, are persons of damaged reputation who can get no employment at home, and we are compelled to take them on their

own terms, and endure their pilfering and insolence, knowing only too well that our choice lies between them or a specimen of perfectly raw material, guileless of all knowledge of the rudiments of the household, and proficient only in that of destruction.

— Prophecy has not ceased to be a delight to philosophers, though the alchemists are extinct, and the seers of the present are but Cagliostros at best. This is especially an attractive occupation to the sage of the *sanctum* whose prophetic inspiration in these days is exuberant if not always exact. It is curious to observe, too, what an amount of confidence-men still put in a mere bald prediction, so that it is made positively and with an air of wisdom; the Democrat or Republican goes to bed happy when he reads in his paper that "we believe we may confidently predict a majority of at least twenty thousand in the State for our candidates;" and, meanwhile, his next-door neighbor is lulled to roseate slumbers by a prognostication of precisely contrary import. Neither thinks of doubting the oracle until the returns are in; and, when the next election comes round, the false prophecy of old is forgotten in the happiness conferred by the later foresight. The London *Telegraph* has its prophet, a gushing seer, who casts his horoscope with reference to almost every imaginable subject and event. Latterly he has been rapt in contemplation of the languages of the earth, perceiving clearly that "it is but the diversity of language which is now the great barrier between man and man." Geographical distances count for nothing; neither are the habits and religions of nations any bar to a universal brotherhood. Let us but undo the work of that unfortunate day at Babel, and wars must cease, and the reign of the millennium will have begun. Our seer, however, is full of hope. The fact that a Londoner can, in a five hours' journey by rail, find in Wales a people whose language sounds like guttural gibberish in his ears, does not discourage him. He retains a stout confidence in the belief that there is no such thing as an original tongue, and, if even there was, it is smothered in a Cimmerian oblivion. Equally sure is he that there is to be, how long hence he cruelly fails to impart, a universal tongue; and he is at least amiable and wise enough to tell us what that tongue is. "The time is yet coming," this is his prophecy, "when one language shall be spoken from China to Peru, from the world's Dan to its Beersheba." Passing to the question which language this will be, the philosopher wonders how any one can for an instant entertain any doubts upon this point. Anglo-Saxons take a "brutal pride" in clinging to their own tongue; and, despite the fact that French is "the ideal dialect of literature and science," and German the storehouse of a mighty literary harvest, "our noble old Teutonic tongue," Shakespeare's English, is bound to be the language of the world. This

is to be brought about by the obstinacy with which English-speaking peoples refuse to learn other languages, and the converse facility with which other races learn English; although less prophetic and perhaps more observant people would be inclined to doubt the premise, and, although flattered by it, to withhold an implicit trust from the conclusion.

— Brook Farm was the scene of a curious episode in our literary history, and there are few who have not read with kindly interest the narrative of the attempt to establish there a literary and social commune. Some of the famous little *coterie* who made the experiment have related its history; and, in an introduction to the English edition of Hawthorne's "Note Book," Mr. M. D. Conway has charmingly described the Farm, its surroundings, and its quondam inhabitants. The chief organizers of the little communistic polity were George Ripley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. Dwight, Minot Pratt, Burrill Curtis, and C. A. Dana; and among its citizens or frequent visitors were to be found R. W. Emerson, F. G. Shaw, Theodore Parker, G. W. Curtis, and A. B. Alcott. The experiment failed, though it was actually tried while the similar project of Coleridge and Southey, to settle on the banks of the Susquehanna, ended in unsatisfactory though brilliant talk. Notwithstanding the failure, Brook Farm has always been a unique, pleasant memory. One by one the clever men and women who formed the society dropped away to Concord and Boston, to New York and Washington, and to lands beyond the seas; and the picturesque spot in West Roxbury was long left in its normal condition of a substantial New-England farm. Now, however, Brook Farm has suddenly assumed a new interest as the spot selected for a newly-organized children's and old people's home. A perfectly practical charitable scheme takes the place of the transcendental dream which for a moment formed the semblance of a romantic reality. The German Lutherans of Boston and its vicinity took a fancy to this pretty spot, with its pleasant historic aroma, for their design, and a public-spirited brother forthwith purchased and presented it to them. The "Home" was opened a week or two ago, and received as a first instalment thirteen little homeless German children, who are to be trained on parental principles, and whose connection with the Farm is not to cease when they have grown up. In short, when, after being launched on the business of life, misfortune or illness overtakes any of them, he or she is to feel at liberty to seek amid the scenes of childhood comfort and refuge. Impetuous immigrants, landing in Boston, will be brought to the Farm, and supplied with food, lodging, and assistance, in going forward to the West, or obtaining employment nearer at hand. The aged of the various church societies, who have no one to lean upon, will

be encouraged to design as far as poor children's nationalities similar in Illinois, project.

and English increased, do occur very high the most Englishmen Leeds, ne Carroll—Wellesley Seymour, partner in the wife of Grenadier Honorable the sister Brand, Sp The broth a daughter partner in Colonel Pa a cousin the Duke lady, whose Adair, of of Ireland. Wadsworth was the first Murray, K more, author Honorable and Mrs. (married to ed as an E some thirty ions, and Madame V late Joshua sons is m Earl of Cra deceased, r able Henry to the son art Maitlan an eminent of the elde Cavendish roll, of Mar women to frequent th

— R try in wealth is yet morulation of hundred at through th



be encouraged to pass the evening of their days in this quiet retreat. Neither is the design strictly sectarian, for the Home will, as far as possible, provide for the cases of poor children and old people, regardless of nationality or creed. The Lutherans have similar institutions in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and other States, and the success of these has encouraged the present project.

— Intermarriages between Americans and English, although they have of late years increased, are still infrequent, and when they do occur seem to be generally among the very highest classes of both countries. Among the most notable American ladies married to Englishmen are the dowager Duchess of Leeds, *née* Miss Paton—her mother was a Carroll—whose sisters were the Marchioness Wellesley and Lady Stafford. Mrs. Leopold Seymour, daughter of Mr. Russell Sturgis, partner in the house of Baring Brothers, is the wife of Colonel Leopold Seymour of the Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the Right Honorable Sir Hamilton Seymour, G. C. B., by the sister of the Right Honorable Henry Brand, Speaker of the House of Commons. The brother of Lord Carrington is married to a daughter of Mr. A. T. Stewart's American partner in Paris. The wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Pakenham, of the Thirtieth Regiment, a cousin of the Earl of Longford and of the Duke of Wellington, is a New-York lady, whose maiden name was Clarke. Mrs. Adair, of Derryreagh Castle, in the north of Ireland, is a daughter of the late General Wadsworth, of Genesee, N. Y., and her aunt was the first wife of the Honorable Sir C. A. Murray, K. C. B., uncle of the Earl of Dunmore, author of "The Prairie Bird." The Honorable Mrs. Leigh is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. (*née* Kemble) Butler. Another lady, married to a man who may almost be regarded as an Englishman, seeing that he has lived some thirty years in Queen Victoria's dominions, and his children are her subjects, is Madame Van de Wegar, the only child of the late Joshua Bates, of Boston. One of her sons is married to the daughter of the late Earl of Craven, and one of her daughters, now deceased, married the son of the Right Honorable Henry Brand, whose daughter is engaged to the son of Mr. Russell Sturgis. Mrs. Stewart Maitland, daughter of the late Mr. Lynch, an eminent merchant of New York, is widow of the eldest son of Lord Dundrennan. Mrs. Cavendish Taylor is sister to Mr. John Carroll, of Maryland. The marriages of American women to Englishmen appear to be far more frequent than the converse.

— Rapid as is the growth of this country in wealth and population, its postal growth is yet more wonderful. In 1860, with a population of thirty-one and a half millions, two hundred and sixty millions of letters passed through the mails; eight letters per annum

for every man, woman, and child, in the country. In 1870, the population had grown to thirty-nine millions, while the number of letters had increased to six hundred and ten millions, or sixteen letters *per capita* per annum; an increase of one hundred per cent. in letters, to twenty-five per cent. in population. In other words, letters increase four times as fast as population. Part of this increase may be due to better education, but most of it to the expansion of business. The proportion of letters to population is far greater in cities than in the country. In Washington's presidency, four millions of people sent three hundred thousand letters a year, only one letter for every thirteen persons each year. During the past fiscal year, the nation has paid fifteen and a half millions of dollars for the transportation of the mails; twenty years ago it paid less than five millions. This would indicate that postal expenses double themselves every ten years. Each year puts nine hundred new post-offices in operation, and carries the mail about seven thousand more miles. In 1817, Mr. Joseph Dodd was appointed to carry the "Great Southern mail" from the New-York post-office across the ferry. Wheeling it to the water's edge in his wheel-barrow, he transported it across the ferry in his open boat to the waiting stage. During the present year, nearly eight tons of mail-matter daily leave the office of this city for the South by the Camden and Amboy Railroad alone. Should the postal growth of the next half century equal the percentage of the last, its close will see large trains of cars laden with mail-matter alone. No passenger will be allowed to enter the train, already overcrowded with letters and papers.

— The Board of Guardians, at Brentford, England, has recently been greatly exercised at discovering what an enormous consumption of ardent spirits and other liquor is requisite for their paupers, and one of the members of the board suggested the adoption of a course which he asserted, and we can readily believe his statement, had proved highly economical elsewhere, it being, in fact, based on the same sound principle which caused Mrs. Squeers to administer brimstone and treacle to her young charges. It was pointed out that stimulants were only permitted by the express orders of the medical officer; but a Mr. Carpenter said that in some unions a stop had been put to this wholesale consumption of liquors by putting into it, before it was served out, a chemical which rendered it unpalatable, and the result was that it was not drunk by any but those to whom it was served as medicine. This, he considered, was a rather dangerous plan, but it had answered admirably in reducing the consumption. A committee was then formed to investigate the matter, and to bring up a report, with the cost per year, during the last seven years. It will be obvious from this

that the unhappy sick man has to take his port-wine loaded with some nauseous dose, for fear a well man might otherwise get some of it. A most humane and considerate proceeding, which proves that a good deal of that leaven of benevolence which animated the Bumbles, Corneys, and their superiors, is still working in English institutions.

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

IN a recent number of the JOURNAL, under title of "Phrases of our Late War," may be found quite a little essay in defence of the sentiment uttered by General Sherman, that "war is cruelty." There seems to have been some misapprehension as to the true meaning of the term "cruelty;" for, if it be correctly defined as the infliction of pain for the mere purpose of gratifying a brutal instinct, there can be no question as to the atrocity of the thought. A war conducted upon this principle would be but little better than a ferocious struggle of wild beasts.

That it is necessary to inflict suffering in times of war no one will deny; but, like the penalties imposed by the civil law, or the sufferings inflicted by the surgeon's knife, it must be done in the interest of justice or humanity, to be justifiable; otherwise it is *cruel*, in the true sense of the term, and consequently atrocious.

The measure of the severity must, of course, be determined by the necessities of the case: hence it may be *cruel* to inflict suffering under some circumstances, while the same act might, under other conditions, be perfectly justifiable. This test will, therefore, explain why it is usually considered an act of vandalism to pillage or desolate private property, while the destruction of human life in legitimate battle is permitted to pass unrebuked. The latter may be necessary when the former is wanton; and, as the *necessity* is the only excuse for either, they must thereby stand acquitted or condemned.

Whether General Sherman's severity in the South was or was not thus excusable is a separate question; but to say that "war is cruelty" is an insult to the humanity and intelligence of the nineteenth century.

A. J. M.

## Literary Notes.

THE Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers," by Professor John Tyndall, forms the first issue in the "International Scientific Series," announced a few months ago. This series, in the language of the American preface to the above volume, written by Professor Youmans, "is designed to consist of compendious scientific treatises, representing the latest advances of thought upon subjects of general interest, theoretical and practical, to all classes of readers. The familiar phenomena of surrounding Nature, in their physical and chemical aspects, the knowledge of which has recently undergone marked extension or revision, will be considered in their latest interpretations. Biology, or the general science of life, which has lately come into prominence, will be explained in its leading and most important principles. The subject of mind, which, under the inductive method and on the basis of its phys-

ical accompaniments and conditions, is giving rise to a new psychology, will be treated with the fulness to which it is entitled. The laws of man's social development, or the natural history of society, which is now being studied by the scientific method, will also receive a due share of attention. While the books of this series are to deal with a wide diversity of topics, it will be a leading object of the enterprise to present the bearings of inquiry upon the higher questions of the time, and to throw the latest light of science upon the phenomena of human nature and the economy of human life. As the first requisite of such a series of works is trustworthiness, their preparation has been intrusted only to men of eminent ability, and who are recognized authorities in their several departments. As they are to address the non-scientific public, it is a further requisite that they should be written in familiar and intelligible language. It is not to be expected that the authors will all attain to the same standard in this respect, but they are pledged to the utmost simplicity of exposition that is possible consistently with clear and accurate representation. The present volume, by Professor Tyndall, treats of subjects upon which he is perhaps the highest living authority; and is an admirable example of that concise, compressed, and attractive statement for which its author is so distinguished. While it may be studied by matured students with profit, it will be read with delight by the young. Those interested in the series are under many obligations to Professor Tyndall for his kindness in consenting to furnish the commencing volume. But, being prepared in a short time, amid great pressure of both laboratory and literary work, it contains somewhat less matter than may be expected in the ensuing volumes. The 'International Scientific Series' will form an elegant and valuable library of popular science, fresh in treatment, attractive in form, strong in character, moderate in price, and indispensable to all who care for the acquisition of solid and serviceable knowledge; and it is commended to American readers as a help in the important work of sound public education." The second volume of the "International Scientific Series" will be Walter Bagehot's "Physics and Politics," and the third Dr. Edward Smith's "Food and Diet."

The series of papers known as "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," which for a year past has formed one of the leading attractions in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is at last completed, and now appears in a handsome volume. It is impossible for Dr. Holmes to write without being original, witty, and suggestive; without giving us fresh and novel views of men and things; without enlarging the reader's knowledge of character, stimulating his power of observation, and conferring upon him a great deal of very high literary pleasure. Had the "Autocrat" never spoken, the "Poet" would be hailed by us all as the very personation of wit and wisdom; but, after the "Autocrat," it must be confessed, one misses something of the supreme zest which marked the earlier lucubrations. "The second comer," the author writes in his closing paragraph, "is commonly less welcome than the first, and the third makes but a rash venture. I hope I have not wholly disappointed those who have been so kind to my predecessors." Not wholly disappointed us, certainly; but, while in after-years we most of us shall recall with keen delight the literary treasures of the "Autocrat," the "Poet" may come to escape our memory.

Mr. Charles Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste" has been reprinted, in Bos-

ton, by Messrs. Osgood & Co. This is the first American edition of a work that has enjoyed a very large reputation in all matters regarding the furnishing and adornment of our homes. It treats of street architecture, of all the several divisions and apartments in our houses, and not only analyzes the defects in our present methods, but gives abundant hints as to the most tasteful means of decorating our rooms. That such a volume is needed in America no one can deny, for here, more perhaps than in any other country, taste vibrates between a chilling and uninventive baldness on the one side, and overloaded and meretricious ornament on the other. Mr. Eastlake, with an authority that arises from a large knowledge and disciplined taste, instructs us in all the details of house-decoration—on wall-paper and on carpets, on style of furniture suitable for the drawing-room, the dining-room, the bedroom, and the library; upon our table-plate, cutlery, and crockery; and even upon our dress and personal ornaments. The American edition is accompanied by an introduction by Mr. Charles C. Perkins.

Louis Figuier has added to his attractive scientific series an elaborately and handsomely illustrated volume which he designates "The Human Race." Under this caption we have an exhaustive analysis of all the races of men. An introduction gives a definition of man, a description of how he differs from other animals, the particulars of his origin so far as known, an argument in behalf of the unity of mankind, and a compact survey of the progress of the race. The body of the work is divided into chapters on "The White Race," "The Yellow Race," "The Brown Race," "The Red Race," "The Black Race," with subdivisions descriptive of the different families that gather under these broad distinctions. M. Figuier's volume is eminently interesting, not only on account of its clear style and pleasing descriptions, but by the aid which the abundant illustrations render in depicting every variety of the human family and almost every condition of life in all quarters of the globe. (Published by D. Appleton & Co.)

"A Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of Charles Dickens," compiled by F. G. de Fontaine, is now publishing in numbers by E. J. Hale & Son, of this city. It is an excellent and comprehensive dictionary of all the good things in the writings of the immortal "Boz." As Dickens has touched upon almost every topic of human interest; as he has described almost every phase of character; as his writings abound with unapproachable humor and marvellous passages of word-painting; as he has dwelt with rare felicity upon all the moods of mind and all the longings and sentiments of the heart, a gathering of his sayings becomes a very mine of intellectual wealth—such a mine as the writings of nine-tenths of all the other English authors could not equal. Mr. de Fontaine has done his work with appreciation and thoroughness. The subjects are arranged alphabetically, thus affording ready reference for those who may wish to consult the work for Mr. Dickens's utterances on any special topic.

Messrs. Dodd & Mead have reprinted Dr. Dollinger's "Fables respecting the Popes in the Middle Ages," a work originally published ten years ago, and which was the fruit of a more considerable work he undertook intending to embrace the history of the papacy. The result of these researches seemed to Dr. Dollinger, as he states in his preface, to form, to some extent, a connected whole, because all the fables and inventions—however different

may have been the occasions which gave them birth, and however unintentional may have been their production—have, nevertheless, had at times a marked influence on the whole aspect of the middle ages, on the history and poetry of the time, on its theology and its jurisprudence. To this collection is added Dr. Dollinger's essay on "The Prophetic Spirit and the Prophecies of the Christian Era."

Among other rare and valuable books, recently imported from England by D. Appleton & Co., is a collection of the choicest etchings, woodcuts, and other works of George Cruikshank, exhibiting, in the fullest and most attractive manner, the genius, the humor, and the versatility of the great caricaturist. The collection consists of seven large octavo volumes and five small ones, uniformly bound in full tree-calf, marbled by Hayday. The small octavos contain the letter-press of the celebrated comic almanacs. No expense or pains have been spared to make this collection as perfect as possible. It is absolutely unique, and has no rival either in this country or in England. The title-pages and indexes were printed expressly for it, and with the greatest care. The whole is enclosed in a beautiful case lined with velvet, and arranged in the most convenient manner.

"California; for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," is the title of a volume by Charles Nordhoff, which elaborately describes and very copiously illustrates scenes on the way to San Francisco and all the places of interest in California. There are also chapters devoted to mining and other resources of the State, while the sanitary and climatic conditions of the country are fully considered. It is the fullest and completest work on California yet produced; it is trustworthy in its information, interesting on account of its graphic descriptions, and altogether it fulfils eminently well the purpose for which it was written. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

"The Little Sanctuary, and Other Meditations," by the Rev. Alexander Raleigh, D. D., and "Premiums paid to Experience; or, Incidents in our Business Life," by Edward Garrett, are reprints, by Messrs. Dodd & Mead, of English religious publications.

## Miscellany.

Professor Tyndall.

THIS distinguished scientific philosopher, it is expected, will soon arrive in this country to give several courses of lectures in the chief Atlantic cities. Many of our people have read and admired his books, and become deeply interested in his themes, and those who can will no doubt gladly avail themselves of this opportunity to witness his beautiful experiments, and listen to his eloquent expositions. Dealing as he does with the various branches of physical science, and the familiar agencies and operations of Nature in their latest philosophical interpretations, his lectures will be of a higher order of interest, and arrest the attention of our most thoughtful and intelligent citizens.

The indebtedness of the people of the United States to European thinkers for works of genius and learning in all departments of literature and science is acknowledged, but we owe to Europe another debt for lending us now and then the living use of her great men. We are thus enabled to know not only what manner of books they write, but what manner of

men they under the sonalities science w home and His work important as nothe plish by l inhis exte our know and not given to n of natural but also b the count popular ap A gen Dr. Lardn the United diences, a mind in c will prod come. H same as t has made New depar been whol Lardner di Bunsen st ment of f only a new thrown a f of Nature t of penetrat instrument the work of the time of of Nature, have been correlation highest la Faraday, "perceive" and establ Dr. Lardn he belonge Whewell w heat with Bunsford involved a of the natu namic phil the ground tures in thi of the new been assum other count But Prot era: he ha about, and Besides his recent phar inaid and perhaps, mo new doctrin In his clas Mode of M definitely as out the scien and in harr nature of fo read his wo than a mere —a philosop painstaking lated facts content him row theories but he striv explanations brought int

men they are, and to be brought immediately under the vital magnetic influence of their personalities. It was a great gain to American science when Professor Agassiz left his foreign home and took up his abode in this country. His works would, of course, have produced an important influence, but that would have been as nothing to what he has been able to accomplish by his actual presence with us. Not only in his extensive original investigations by which our knowledge of Nature has been enlarged, and not only by the stimulus which he has given to multitudes of young men in the study of natural history, has he been of great service, but also by his public lectures, in all parts of the country, which have helped to increase the popular appreciation of these subjects.

A generation has now passed away since Dr. Lardner lectured in the principal towns in the United States to large and interested audiences, and the impulse he gave to the public mind in creating an interest upon these topics will produce its salutary effects for years to come. His general field of science was the same as that of Professor Tyndall, but physics has made a long stride in the last thirty years. New departments of transcendent interest have been wholly created within this period. Dr. Lardner died the same year that Kirchhoff and Bunsen startled the world by the announcement of Spectrum Analysis. This was not only a new and splendid revelation which has thrown a flood of light upon many obscurities of Nature that science had never before dreamed of penetrating, but it was a new and powerful instrument of research of permanent value in the work of future discovery. Moreover, since the time of Lardner, new views of the energies of Nature, of a most fundamental character, have been arrived at. The doctrine of the correlation and conservation of force—"the highest law in physical science," says Dr. Faraday, "which our faculties permit us to perceive"—has been announced, elucidated, and established, within the last generation. Dr. Lardner was too early for this subject; he belonged to the preceding epoch. As Dr. Whewell wrote the history of the science of heat without referring to the discoveries of Rumford in the last century—discoveries which involved a complete revolution in our views of the nature of that agent, as well as of dynamic philosophy—so Dr. Lardner went over the ground of physics in his five years' lectures in this country in complete obliviousness of the new point of view that had even then been assumed by investigators of his own and other countries.

But Professor Tyndall belongs to the later era: he has done his share in bringing it about, and is among its ablest representatives. Besides his original contributions to the more recent phases of science, by his genius for lucid and eloquent statement, he has done, perhaps, more than any other man to put the new doctrines into popular and attractive form. In his classical volume, entitled "Heat as a Mode of Motion," he takes the point of view definitely assumed by Rumford, and has worked out the science of thermotics on a modern basis, and in harmony with the later views of the nature of force or energy. As all who have read his works are aware, Tyndall is more than a mere specialist; he is a broad thinker—a philosopher of science. No man is more painstaking or scrupulous in elaborating isolated facts with accuracy, but that does not content him, nor is he satisfied with the narrow theories that have been applied to them; but he strives after those wider and deeper explanations by which diverse phenomena are brought into harmonised relations. The va-

rious physical forces are interesting to him in their pure phenomenal workings, but they have a larger interest as clues to the constitution of matter. Physics has two great departments. Molar Physics treats of the movements and mechanical properties of masses, as the revolutions and attractions of the celestial orbs, or the laws of motion in terrestrial bodies. Molecular Physics, on the other hand, deals with the subtler forces of magnetism, heat, light, electricity, and affinity, by which the inner nature of matter is affected and its profoundest changes brought about. It is this division or aspect of physics that has mainly engaged the attention of Professor Tyndall. His first scientific reputation was made by researches in the field of magnetism, and his original papers upon this subject have recently appeared in an elaborate volume. Glacial phenomena have also been favorite objects of study with him. Involving as they do the molecular mutations of water, through the vaporous, liquid, and solid conditions, on a grand and impressive scale, they afford a fine exemplification of the play of molecular forces of which Professor Tyndall has availed himself, both to extend our knowledge of the subject and to enlist the interest of the public in some of the most beautiful and wonderful operations of Nature. The first book by which Professor Tyndall became widely known was his "Glaciers of the Alps," now long out of print; and his latest work, to be immediately published, is on the "Forms of Waters," in clouds, rain, rivers, ice, and glaciers. Much of his time during the last dozen years has been devoted to the revision and extension of his early opinions upon these subjects. The courses of lectures which he is to give in this country will be eminently valuable as reflecting the latest views that have been formed in a field of science that has undergone a great change within a recent period. We shall be able to listen to the authentic teachings of a master in science, and one who is, moreover, a master in the art of popular exposition.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

#### A Visit to Stanley.

Stanley had just received the queen's present and Lord Granville's letter when I called. They had taken him by surprise, and, when the small parcel was brought into the room, and he proceeded to open it, and found the outer covering of stiff paper to be succeeded by layers of silver paper round something which felt soft, he thought some one had sent him a cake for fun. The gorgeous snuff-box was in a case of blue velvet, and this was surrounded by so many wrappings that it felt to the touch as I have said. Imagine your young countryman's delight when he saw what his "cake" turned out, and the number of plums it held!

Some people have asked: "Why a snuff-box? Why not a pin or ring, or something Stanley could wear?"

But snuff-boxes have been from time immemorial the presents of monarchs to those whom they delight to honor. Ambassadors, courtiers, envoys to foreign courts, great statesmen, and victorious generals, all regard a jewelled snuff-box as the most appropriate gift from a crowned head; and the more exalted of them have not unfrequently a collection of these costly bawbles which have been inherited from ancestors who have filled high offices, or have been acquired personally during a long life spent in the public service. The form of recognition accorded to Stanley by the queen is thus of the precise kind which should gratify him, and, I may add, which has gratified him

more than any other. It is a noble heir-loom to preserve and to hand down, and the letter with which it was accompanied enhances the value of the gift, which, apart from all associations, is intrinsically considerable. The box is an oblong of dark-blue enamel, with the letters V. R. enciphered in good-sized diamonds on the centre of the lid. Round this, and describing a considerable circle, is a ring of diamonds of a larger size yet; and the effect of the combination is exceedingly gorgeous and rich. Messrs. Garrard, of the Haymarket, London, are the makers of the box, the value of which cannot be less than five hundred pounds.

Stanley was hard at work upon his book. His private secretary was making transcripts of his diaries in an adjoining room, and the whole place seemed redolent of African exploration. I wish the malicious idiots who, to use a phrase in one of the letters of Mr. W. M. Thackeray which I have treasured in my autograph-book, "go about saying things," and who have pretended to believe that the story of finding Livingstone was a fabrication, I wished those idiots could see Stanley at home as I saw him on the morning of the 30th of August, 1872. Diaries and note-books, which had been filled in the heart of Africa, were on the table, and, when I took up one, and, opening it at hap-hazard, read a passage aloud, it came to Stanley like the lifting of a veil between the present and the past. It was to the effect that his companion Shaw, who died soon afterward, was growing gradually worse, and that the poor fellow was losing heart.

"If I am only able to keep my health," was Stanley's comment, "I do not fear but that I shall be able to carry out my mission."—*From a London Letter*.

#### The Southern Freedman.

Mr. Stearns, in his recent book on the South, says that the great need of the freedmen is the ownership of land. He is severe in describing their defects and vices; but, he asks, "How can you expect intelligence and virtue to spring up from the soil of slavery?" Their emancipation leaves them, to a great extent, in the intellectual and moral condition in which they were bred. As far as the author's experience goes, they are, as hired laborers, careless, wasteful, deficient in punctuality and perseverance, much addicted to lying and stealing, with an imperfect perception of the sanctity of marriage, and, though commonly religious, disconnecting religion from morality. The strange notions some of them have regarding the Christian religion is illustrated by many anecdotes.

On one occasion, a comparatively intelligent black woman came to him, after one of his sermons, with the desire "to find out something of this Jesus you tell of."

"My ole massa," she said, "told me that Jesus Christ once got drunk, and that one of his sons insulted him while he was drunk, but the other was good to him. After he came to his senses, he found out what had been done to him, and he cursed his bad son, and said his children should always be slaves to his brother. He said we all came from the bad son, and they all from the good one, and that was the reason why we were their slaves. Now, Mr. Stearns, you know wheeder this is true or not; please tell me."

The planter's theology was quickly refuted by Mr. Stearns, and his convert was delighted to learn that "Jesus was no such man as ole massa said he was."

Ignorance commonly gives us that brisk shock of surprise which is akin to humor.

One little boy, in Mr. Stearns's congrega-



tion, said he "had heard tell of Jesus, but he did not know who or what he was." Others, with great confidence, affirmed him to be "the brother of Washington." One lad, in the negro Sunday-school, on being asked who Jesus Christ was, scratched his head with a perplexed look, and replied: "Dunno, massa; neber heard of him." A girl, the daughter of a religious exhorter among the negroes, replied: "I never hearn tell on him afore. Did he live in Gorgy?"

We have a vague remembrance of a similar occurrence in the experience of Whitefield. While trying to evangelize some Cornish miners, and describing to them the death of Christ, he was asked if Christ had worked in mine No. 1 or No. 2.

The well-to-do inhabitants of cities, who subscribe liberally for the conversion of the heathen of Asia, have little perception of the heathenism of Europe and the United States.

Mr. Stearns tells us of a negro preacher called Jim, who had been arrested and confined in jail.

"He in jail; what can that be for?"

"Oh, nothing," said his negro informant; "he only jus stole a few turkeys, and den he sell 'em, and got cotched. I went to see him de other day, and he tells me you jus tell dem darkies as b'longs to my church not to be down-hearted, for de Lord will bring me one day to be wid um again, and dey must not forget to pray for me."

When Mr. Stearns denounced the sins of which many of his colored congregation were guilty, one of them got up and said:

"Now, Mr. S., if you must talk about stealing, why not call us together on Monday and tell us about it, and let us have a good heavenly time on Sunday in worshipping the God we all love so much!"

We think that this negro must have been a highly-civilized human being. Probably many Massachusetts clergymen, during the past twenty years, have received similar rebukes from persons of the highest cultivation and social position.

#### Meat-eating.

There is no civilized country in the world in which so much meat is eaten, or in which so much is wasted by bad cooking, by profusion, and by absolute unthrift, as there is in this country. Whether this meat-eating is beneficial seems to be more than doubtful. Are our men or our women stronger, healthier, larger-limbed, ruddier, and fairer, than Europeans of corresponding occupations and habits of life? The Irish girls who come out here, and go into domestic service, come generally with rosy cheeks and full figures. They probably have not eaten fresh meat once a week in their lives, in many cases not oftener than once a month. Once here, they rush ravenously at the joints, the steaks, and the chops, which are to them luxuries and the great signs of luxurious living. The result is almost invariably that they lose the figures, and the rosy cheeks, and the health, that they brought with them, and that came with, if not of, a diet of potatoes-and-buttermilk. The more observant of them have already begun to notice this themselves. And in the second generation the change is very manifest. There is rarely a paler and thinner creature than your Irish girl of the second generation. In brief, we all of us here eat too much meat—too much for our health, probably, and certainly too much for the well-being of our pockets. Great, brawny Scotchmen live month after month on oat-meal and buttermilk, and a little whisky, and a healthier, harder-working class of men

it would be difficult to find. Why must we be every day eating flesh and fat? In particular, why should our women and children be, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, such great eaters of beef? Among our more comfortably-situated classes, it is safe to say that they eat meat twice a day. There is no need of this; and more, it is not wholesome. Women, who are not hard-workers, and children, are much more healthy upon a lighter and less-concentrated diet. Children, until they reach their teens, do not really need meat at all, and are the better in health and in looks for not having it.

In countries where the science of living is better understood than it is with us they live, even among the wealthier classes, upon bread, and porridge, and milk, and fruit. The boy who may be seen at American hotels and boarding-houses, making his breakfast of beefsteak, ham-and-eggs, and broiled fish, all of them at once before him, and eaten in alternate bits, is unknown in Europe, where he would have his oat meal-porridge, or his bread-and-milk. There is nothing more certain, in regard to this subject, than that our consumption of meat, particularly by women and children, is needless and unwholesome.

But, if this be true, what shall be said of our extravagance in our use of this same most costly article of food? We are profuse in our provision; but in our use we are viciously wasteful. We all want to have the most costly cuts, and we all cook our meat in the most wasteful way, and we all waste—that is, throw away and allow to spoil, that which would support a poor family in France. To get a joint or a steak, and then to roast or broil—say, rather, to bake or fry—it at a range or a cooking-stove, is the sum total of our general knowledge of cooking. The meat is wasted and spoiled in the cooking, by which its bulk and its nourishing properties are diminished; it is wasted in the eating, and what remains is also too often wasted, when it is not flched by servants for the tables of their "mothers" and their "cousins." And for this destruction of good and costly food, the neglect of personal supervision on the part of house-keepers is mainly accountable. Much of it is due also to the absolute ignorance of the younger house-keepers, who have learned nothing, and have wished, and now wish, to learn nothing of the proper direction of a kitchen.

These, then, are prominent among the causes of the difficulty which householders of moderate means find in providing for their tables: an unnecessary consumption of the costliest and not the healthiest article of food; a wasteful and injurious cooking of it; and a lack of watchfulness over the kitchen and the meat-safe on the part of house-keepers. If men and women who feel this difficulty will but have the courage to face the risk of being called mean, and will diminish their consumption of meat, and regulate it well, they will do much to relieve themselves; they will gain in health as well as in comfort, and in doing so they will, by diminishing an unreasonable and extravagant demand, do something to reduce the price of meat, and diminish, in two ways, their own butcher's bills.

#### Rattlesnakes.

About the 10th of May last, Dr. Cotton caught, at Prospect, in Giles County, Tennessee, a rattlesnake four feet three inches long and five inches in circumference. When captured, it had eight rattles and a button. Since that time, it has been confined in a glass case. It has not partaken of one particle of food, though it has been tempted with mice and other small animals on

which the reptile is accustomed to feed. The snake manifested no inconvenience from its confinement, nor did it lose any in size or bodily vitality. Its eyes continued to gladden like magnetic steel, and its lancing fangs to protrude at the appearance of any one near the case. Dr. Cotton thought all the while it was a male. Though small mice and rats have been confined in the case with the snake until their own hunger urged them to bite at its scaly hide, the serpent refused to give them notice or to partake of food. On two or three occasions, it has taken small quantities of water. One day, at one o'clock, on going into the back-room of the store, where the case is kept, it was discovered that the snake had given birth to four young snakes, and by three o'clock she had given birth to three more, making seven in all. The young snakes made their appearance one at a time, and in a coiled or striking position, their eyes glistening and their venomous tongues continually darting out. The young ones are each from nine to fifteen inches in length, and in a state of perfect development. They are quick of motion, and possess no ordinary spinal vitality, as they crawl readily to the top of the case, with celerity across and around it from end to end. What is most singular, and contrary to all the received notions concerning the reptile, each of these young snakes has a full button on the tail, which clearly refutes the idea that they have to be six months old before the formation of the button. The old snake was lying in her case in a lethargic state, with some indications, as the doctor thought, of increasing the coiling family. The young snakes coil around her, and under and over her; and she seems to have for them the maternal affection of instinct. This snake has been in captivity near four months, yet during all that period she has partaken of not a morsel of food, and has brooded her seven young. As to exactly how long from inception the process of gestation or incubation has been going on, there is no means of ascertaining, as we can only date from her captivity. Dr. Cotton informs us that he once before kept in the same case a large-sized rattlesnake for three years and nine months, and that he studied closely its various moods and changes. This snake, he says, did not partake of a particle of food for the first nine months, and but little water. He then gave it mice, rats, etc., putting the same into the case alive; and it commenced devouring them voraciously. It never would touch a tame mouse, or a dead one, fresh as it might be. When a young rat was put into the case, it would plant its unerring fang in some part of the limb or body, and then wait until it died from the thorough inoculation of the poison. When quite dead, it would turn it over, take it head foremost, and swallow it, evidently drawing nutriment from the poison its own fangs had infused. It shed its skin twice a year—each spring and autumn—a new rattle appearing at each shedding, which explodes the popular notion that but one rattle comes a year.

#### Marine Telegraphic Signals for Light-houses on Morse's Principle.

The idea thrown out by Sir William Thomson in the Mechanical Science Department of the British Association in reference to the "Identification of Lights at Sea," is worthy of consideration by those having charge of American light-houses. After commenting upon the disadvantages attending the usual forms of lighting-apparatus at sea, especially the occasionally deceptive nature of revolving lights, or those which act at intermittent in-

tervals of tainty. F  
opinion th  
circumstanc  
usual purp  
or a lee-s  
out the let  
of the sta  
of the lig  
mistake.  
employed  
and the d  
pound of t  
sufficient t  
ranged am  
method.  
manner if  
posses the  
mitted by  
not usually  
with certa  
The princ  
lights has  
period, bu  
cerned, the  
on the prin  
persede ex  
those situ  
merous, and  
for each oth  
advantage  
mination of  
adapted to  
might be re  
arrangement  
station, wh  
would rema  
form a com  
usefulness t  
be approved  
use, there w  
ficulty in fi  
work it satisf

HENRI I suffer  
gave certain  
than by the  
him for the  
prior to the  
M. Plon prin  
edition of th  
Princess Mat  
refuses to al  
the princess  
published.

The Vien  
day, in a la  
used as a prin  
books and en  
of the infam  
ready for shi  
number, were  
and there se  
confinement,  
day.

Recently a  
Church arriv  
The inhabit  
had come for  
ments for the  
Rome to Pau  
where the pr  
menacing ori  
leave the plac

Emilio Ca  
Spain met re

tervals of time in indicating locality with certainty. Sir William proceeded to express his opinion that flashes of light under such circumstances might be made not only to serve the usual purposes of warning upon a sunken rock or a lee-shore, but at the same time to spell out the letter or letters answering to the name of the station, and thus establish the identity of the light-house beyond the possibility of mistake. He proposes that the method to be employed should resemble in its action the dot and the dash in Morse's telegraphy, a compound of two flashes of unequal duration being sufficient to establish a full alphabet when arranged and combined according to the Morse method. Words might be expressed in this manner if required, but for all practical purposes the combinations necessary to be transmitted by this method of telegraphy would not usually exceed those required to indicate with certainty one, or at most two letters. The principal of telegraphy at sea by means of lights has been in operation for a considerable period, but, so far as light-houses are concerned, there is a probability that contrivances on the principle described will eventually supersede existing arrangements, especially in those situations where light-houses are numerous, and consequently liable to be mistaken for each other. Such a system would have the advantage of uniformity, for light-house illumination on this principle might be easily adapted to the alphabet of every language, or might be restricted to that of one according to arrangement. The signals for each separate station, when once ascertained and defined, would remain permanently known, and would form a complete signal-code and dialect of usefulness to mariners. Should such a system be approved after practical trial, and come into use, there would, we apprehend, be little difficulty in finding the necessary machinery to work it satisfactorily.

### Foreign Items.

HENRI PLON, the Parisian publisher, has suffered worse through the credit he gave certain members of the Bonaparte family than by the refusal of Napoleon III. to pay him for the "Life of Julius Cæsar." Shortly prior to the breaking out of the war of 1870, M. Plon printed a most elegant and expensive edition of the personal reminiscences of the Princess Mathilde Demidoff. The government refuses to allow him to issue the book, and the princess will not pay him for it until it is published.

The Vienna police confiscated, the other day, in a large building which was secretly used as a printing-office for striking off obscene books and engravings, no less than two tons of the infamous publications, all packed and ready for shipment. The printers, twenty in number, were at once taken to the police-court, and there sentenced to one month's solitary confinement, with warm food only every fourth day.

Recently a high dignitary of the Catholic Church arrived at Pau, in Southwestern France. The inhabitants of the city, believing that he had come for the purpose of making arrangements for the removal of Pope Pius IX. from Rome to Pau, gathered in front of the hotel where the prelate stopped, and uttered such menacing cries that he deemed it prudent to leave the place immediately.

Emilio Castelar and King Amadeus of Spain met recently in a side-path in the

Madrid Pardo. The king, who had never been introduced to Castelar, approached the great republican orator, and, shaking his hand, said to him: "Señor, I admire your genius." "And I," replied Castelar, "admire your majesty's courage."

Adele Spitzeder, the female banker of Munich, is a good-looking lady, about thirty-five years old. She has managed to obtain the confidence of the rural population of Bavaria, from which she has received deposits of more than one million florins. She pays them the enormous interest of ten per cent. a month, and lends it out at double that rate.

A furious war of words rages at present between the Prussian and Russian journals, in regard to a highly-important matter. The Berlin papers assert that the czar, at the banquet given him by William I., said, "I drink the health of your gallant army!" and the Russian papers insist that he said, "I drink the health of the Prussian army!"

Colonel Stoffel, the famous French military critic, has not been dismissed from the army by President Thiers, but only informed that he must resign his commission, or otherwise desist from publishing the new work on the war between France and Germany, which he has in press.

In Portugal they have recently introduced execution by strangulation. A man and a woman suffered death in that way, the other day, at Amedira. The executioner performed his work so bunglingly that it took him eight minutes to dispatch the man, and nearly twelve the unfortunate woman.

The New-York correspondent of the Vienna *Tageblatt* writes: "Those Austrian girls who allow themselves to be enticed to America by unscrupulous speculators, who pretend to organize ladies' orchestras, had better take warning by the fate of the members of previous companies of that description. Few of them are able to eke out a bare livelihood."

"As a political speaker," says a Paris correspondent, "old M. Thiers was never more impressive than now. Gambetta is fiery, but frothy. However, his popularity is constantly increasing, and he has received, within the last few weeks, invitations to deliver addresses from nearly one hundred places in France."

An expedition of Russian *savants*, which recently visited Nova Zembla, was attacked by several polar bears, which killed two prominent members of the party outright, and wounded another so severely that he died on the following morning.

It is said that Baron von Rahden, the husband of Mme. Pauline Lucre, has applied in the Berlin courts for a divorce from her, on the ground that she left him without any provocation. He fiercely denies that he has squandered her fortune at the gaming-table.

The new King of Sweden has always been noted for his eccentricities. His deceased brother was a quiet, reserved man, who cared more for his books than for the pomp of royalty. His successor is a jovial man, who delights in practical jokes.

They are debating, at the Academy of Science in Warsaw, the question if they should not substitute a different kind of letters for those now in use in Polish books.

Emile de Girardin is about to marry an English countess.

The Archduke Albrecht of Austria, the illustrious victor of Custoza, is not dead, as the cable erroneously reported. It was his namesake, a Prussian prince, who was recently taken dangerously sick, but who has since recovered.

The King of Bavaria intends to erect a monument near the Walhalla, which is to do homage to the great men of foreign nations, and upon which the illustrious characters of the United States shall also have a place.

Three of the present Austrian ministers were, twenty years ago, fugitives from justice; and the present commander-in-chief of the Hungarian Honved army was, in 1849, sentenced to death, but was fortunate enough to make his escape.

Three of Victor Emmanuel's sons by hismorganatic wife, the Countess Miratori, married within the past three months. Two of them are officers in the army, and the other is a banker at Naples.

The adventurer Henry Sâgreaves, alias George Bancroft, has been acquitted, at Coblenz, of the charge of having personated the Hon. George Bancroft, the United States minister in Berlin.

A vandal in Berlin has wantonly mutilated some of the finest paintings by old masters at the Royal Museum, and caused damages estimated at from seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars.

A Dutch statistician has calculated that the average age of German students, when entering the university, is eighteen years. In Holland it is twenty, and in France seventeen.

The displeasure of the Austrian Government with certain American journals, it is said in Vienna, will probably lead to the imposition of a tax of five cents on every issue of political papers published in the United States.

Ludwig Feuerbach, the German philosopher, who died at Nuremberg, on the 18th of September, expired in saying: "Truth, oh, truth—where is it?"

Francesca Peruzzi is the name of a young Italian girl who speaks and writes eight different languages. She is only thirteen years old, and lives at Bologna.

The people of France never liked Charles Dickens's works, and it is said that none of the French translations of even his best productions had a remunerative sale.

The copyright of Paul Féval's novels was recently sold in Paris for seventy thousand francs.

The real estate which the Rothschilds own in Europe exceeds in value eight million dollars.

The meeting of the three emperors at Berlin cost William I. six or seven hundred thousand dollars.

Professor Carl Vogt, the Swiss naturalist and philosopher, has definitively resolved to visit the United States next spring.

The present prime-minister of Greece is said to bear a singular resemblance to the Emperor Napoleon.

According to a law recently passed by the Portuguese Cortes, gamblers are permanently disfranchised.

## Varieties.

THE Countess Dash, whose death has been recently announced, had "been through a good deal," and at times found herself in very sorry circumstances. On one occasion the gathering clouds seemed so gloomy, and the friends so few, that the poor lady's heart completely failed her, and she determined to put an end to a career so replete with misfortune. Having heard that persons throwing themselves off a bridge were liable to be picked up again if an expert swimmer happened to be at hand, and having no desire to be thus fished up, she resolved to go down to the very brink of the Seine, at a point where the river deepened gradually, and there drown herself comfortably, unmolested by any benevolent attentions. Accordingly, one dark night she started with this deplorable intent. She reached the water. It looked dark and icy, and she shuddered; but, tucking up her petticoats, she stepped into it and advanced a few steps, when all of a sudden a sharp sense of the ludicrousness of her situation came to her rescue; she burst out laughing, felt convinced that only fools or lunatics committed suicide, and regained *terra firma*.

The New-York *Methodist* says: "The entire hill-country of New England is becoming more and more a sanitarium for the dwellers by the sea-side and for the summer-burned people of our great cities. It offers the change from a moist to a light and dry atmosphere, which is so much needed by those who live along the Atlantic coast. Its hills and valleys have a quiet beauty, which is always refreshing to the eye. In its grateful air respiration is easy, and the traveller feels that he is every moment acted upon by a gentle tonic. The neatness of the towns and the advanced culture of the people give the social attractions which are so much relished by the seekers after rest."

There is a very simple way of neutralizing the effect of tobacco, when too much has been taken, or when tried by a *debutant*—it is to drink a cup of strong coffee. The tannin which is contained in coffee is the antidote to nicotine. Those who are obliged to try the

cigars, and smoke beyond all reason, when their taste is spoiled, take coffee, and recover immediately that sureness of appreciation which permits them to continue their work. In this the Turks are our teachers; they have discovered the means of smoking continually with pleasure, and without weariness, by drinking a cup of coffee after every pipe.

The death is announced, at the mad-house, Salpêtrière, of Mademoiselle Boisgontier, an actress of Paris, who at one time lived in great splendor. She possessed a silver bath, which she regarded as a sort of fetish, and believed that it secured her good fortune so long as she kept it. One day, however, she sent it to the mint to be coined, and invested the proceeds in Immobilière shares. From that day she began to descend, until she fell into the greatest misery, and finished her days in a hospital.

Chicago has discovered an addition to its list of attractions in a cemetery which possesses the property of petrifying bodies interred therein. A baby lately exhumed there was so perfectly "marblified" (Chicago vernacular) that its relatives wanted to take it home as a mantel-ornament; and it is now suggested that a company be formed to bury people in artistic attitudes, and thus establish a statue-factory to supply art-galleries throughout the world.

The coeducation of the sexes is making remarkable headway in this country. Four colleges in New England, among them the University of Vermont, Cornell University, in New York, and Swarthmore College, in Pennsylvania, Oberlin and Antioch Colleges, in Ohio, the State Universities of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas, make no distinction on account of sex.

The young Emperor of China is described as very effeminate, with no capacity for business, and as inordinately fond of displays and theatricals. He is easily ruled by the wife who was educated for him at such vast expense of money and dress, and she is regarded as having the controlling interest in the Government.

Anton Rubinstein's mother is a music-teacher at Moscow.

A San Francisco poet is out with a welcome to Agassiz, of which the following is a specimen:

"Then Mount Shasta said, 'God bless her! She's brought us safe the great professor!' And from the mammoth trees of Sequoia A voice came, 'We've been waiting for you Some fifteen hundred years or more— Why haven't you been here before!'"

More than three hundred and twenty-eight million persons, exclusive of season-ticket holders, travelled upon the railways of England and Wales in 1871. Out of this immense number, incredible as it may seem, only six people were killed by causes beyond their control.

A youthful novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw his cigar away.

"Oh, dear," he said, "there's som'in' in that cigar that's makin' me sick."

"I know what it is," said his companion, pulling away.

"What?"

"Tobacker."

A lady, who says that her opinion is based upon a close observance, says that men, as a rule, regard their wives as angels for just two months—namely, a month before marrying her and a month after burying her.

A very unsuccessful real-estate speculator is Prince Napoleon. He has recently sold all his property for nearly two million francs less than he paid for it.

A Chicago advertisement for three lady copyists brought in two days an influx of two hundred and forty-nine beautifully-written letters.

Was William Penn's pocket-handkerchief the original pen-wiper?

There are eleven organized bands of brigands in Italy.

Forty thousand Russians threaten to settle in Nebraska.

A Wisconsin girl has committed suicide because her hair didn't curl.

## APPLETONS' JOURNAL—CONTENTS OF NO. 189, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

	PAGE		PAGE
THE OLD SCHUTLER MANSION. (With Illustration.) By Alfred B. Street.....	505	WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD. (With Illustrations.).....	530
THE PHILOSOPHER'S STORE. By John D. Champlin, Jr.....	509	TWO MARGUERITES. By Park Benjamin.....	533
THE INFLUENCE OF PLANTS ON THE AIR OF ROOMS. By John Phin.....	512	REMINISCENCE OF FORESTI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT. By Elizabeth Oakes Smith.....	534
SALOME. (With Illustration.).....	519	IN A LAW-OFFICE.....	535
AN OPEN QUESTION. A Novel. Chapters XXXVII. and XXXVIII. By James De Mille, author of "The Lady of the Ice," "The American Baron," etc.....	514	TABLE-TALK.....	536
THE ESCURIAL. By Lucius Morse.....	518	CORRESPONDENCE.....	537
DOLCE PAR NIENTE. By Sallie A. Brock.....	519	LITERARY NOTES.....	537
		MISCELLANY.....	538
		FOREIGN ITEMS.....	531
		VARIETIES.....	533

## APPLETONS' BOOKS FREE.

"New York Illustrated," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Golden Maxims."

We send these three books free, by mail, to every one sending us a cash order for our Chrono of "Paul and Virginia," at \$2.50, prepaid, by mail; or for our "Head of the Madonna," at the same price.

CHAS. H. LYON,

Agent of New York Art Pub. Co., 551 Pearl St., N. Y. P. O. Box 3,333.

## APPLETONS' LIBRARY OF AMERICAN FICTION.

1. VALERIE AYLMEY. 8vo. Price, paper, \$1; cloth, \$1.50.
2. THE LADY OF THE ICE. By JAMES DE MILLE. With Illustrations. 8vo. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.
3. MORTON HOUSE. By the author of "Valerie Aylmer." With Illustrations. 8vo. Price, paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.
4. RIGHTED AT LAST. A Novel. With Illustrations. 8vo. Price, paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.
5. MABEL LEE. By the author of "Morton House." With Illustrations. 8vo. Price, paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, N. Y.

## CASTOR OIL,

Most Safe, Useful, and best-known Purgative, can be taken agreeably and easily in DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S

## SOFT CAPSULES.

No taste, no smell; so pleasant that children ask for more. No family without them. Contain no Croton Oil. Sold by your Druggist. Ask for our book, or send three-cent stamp for it, to 35 WOOSTER STREET, NEW YORK.

## THE NEW NOVELS.

- A WAITING RACE. By EDMUND YATES, author of "Black Sheep," "Broken to Harness," etc., etc. 1 vol., 8vo. Paper. Price, 75c.
- DOCTOR VANDYKE. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. Illustrated. 1 vol., 8vo. Price, in paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.
- EBB-TIDE. By CHRISTIAN REID, author of "Valerie Aylmer," "Morton House," etc. Illustrated. 1 vol., 8vo. Price, in paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.
- THE STORY OF A MILLIONNAIRE. By LOUISA MUEL-BAUGH, author of "Joseph II. and his Court," etc. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.

Either of the above mailed, post-paid, to any address within the United States on receipt of price.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.